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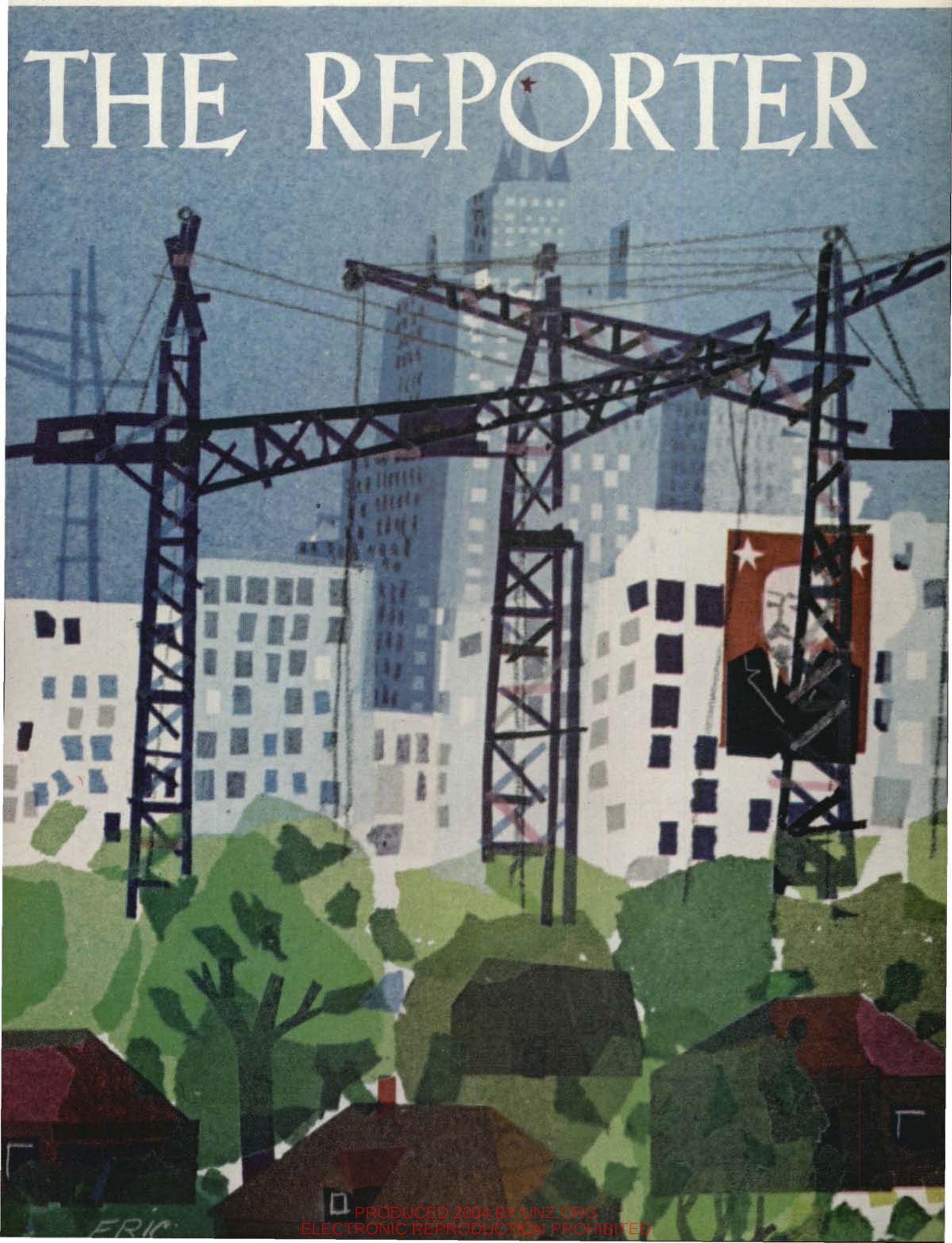
THE REPORTER



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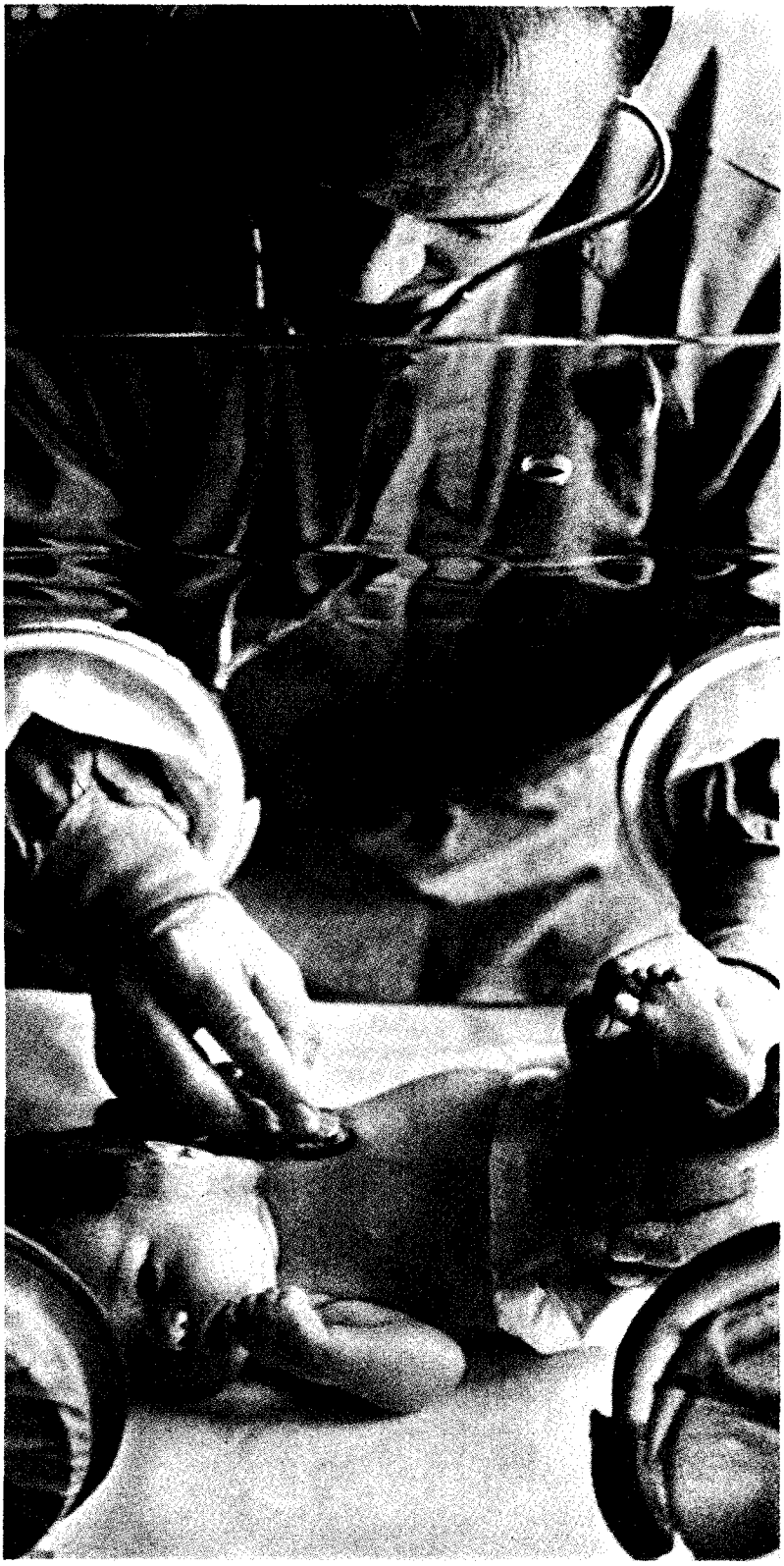

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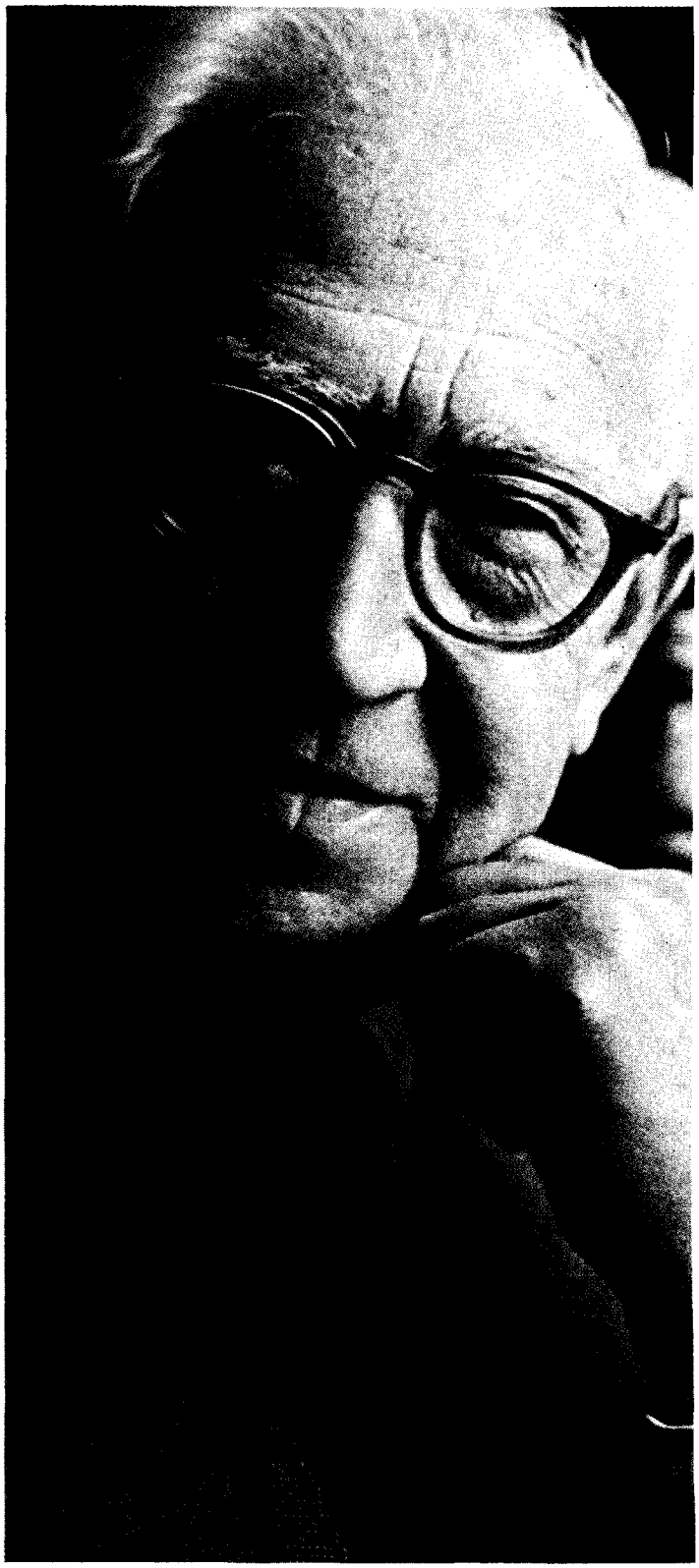

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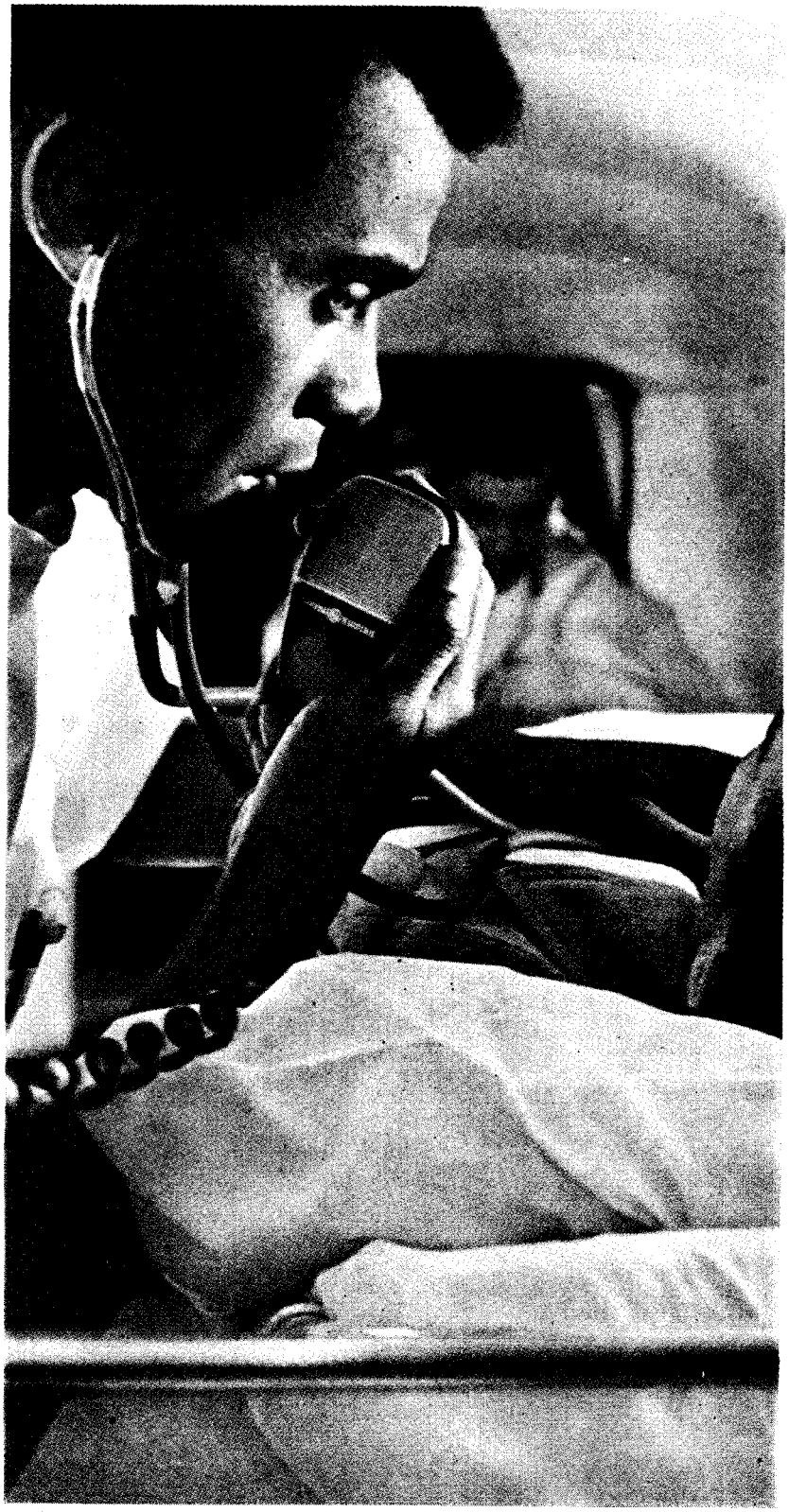

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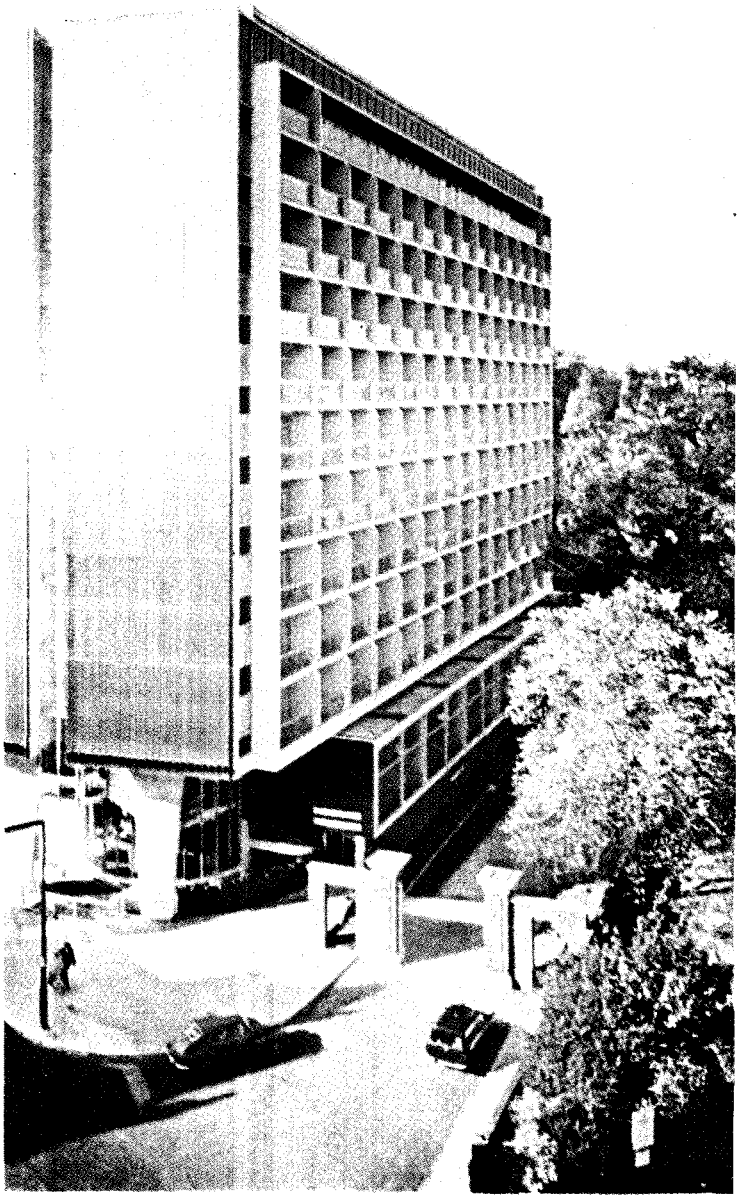

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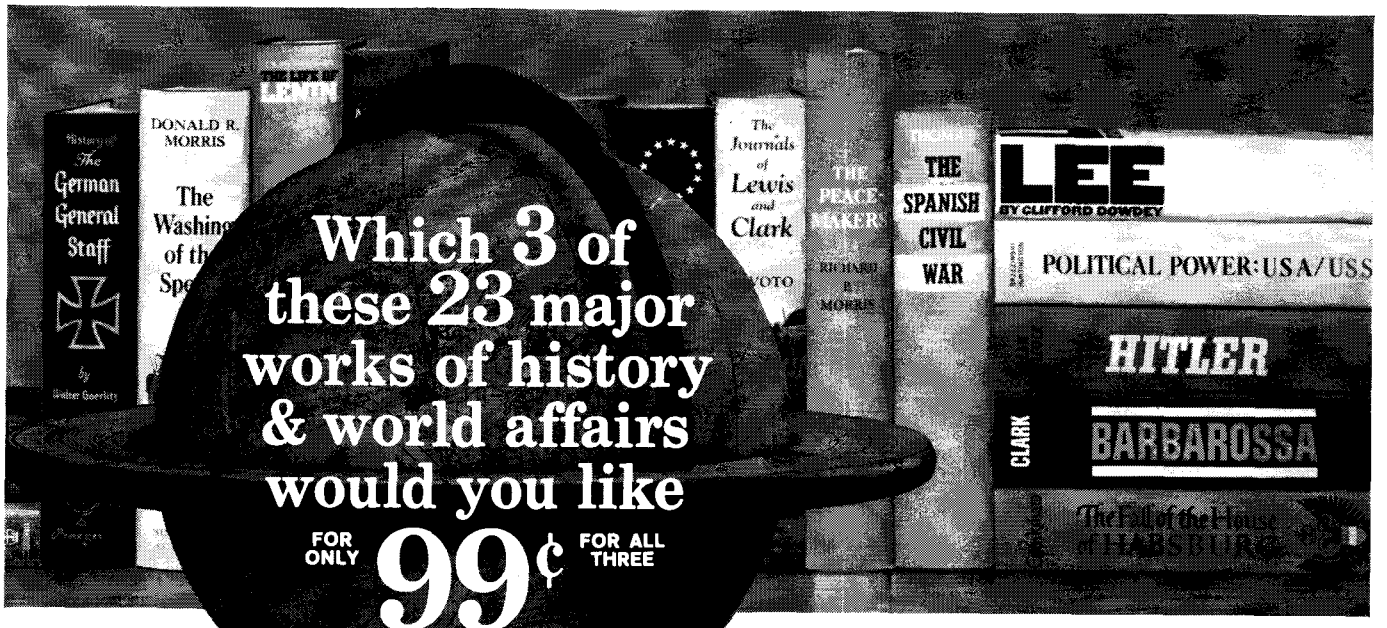

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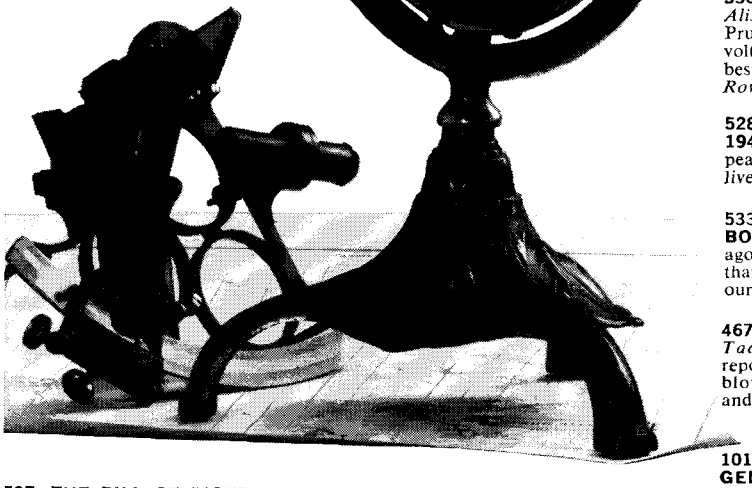

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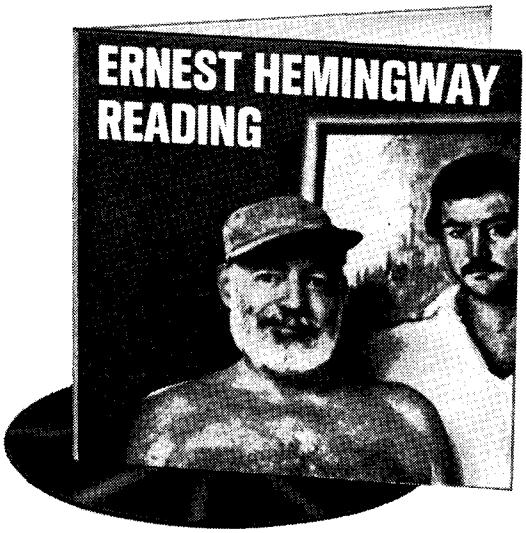
Mary Hemingway, and A. E. Hotchner, Hemingway's good friend, have written personal background notes for this long-awaited album. It is the only spoken testament left to us of the man Hemingway was.



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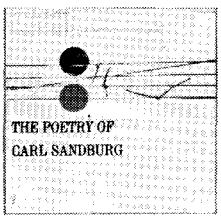
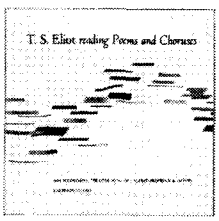


Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City, In Tall Grass, Four Preludes, Southern Pacific,* and other well-known poems.

E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world.*



T.S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Ash Wednesday, Marina.*

William Faulkner reads his famed *Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech,* selections from *As I Lay Dying,* and other works.

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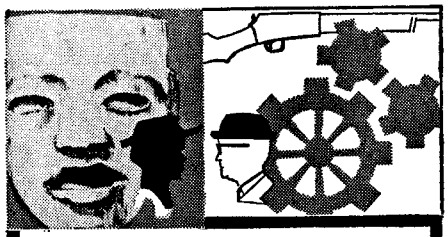

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

FROM time to time, someone in Hollywood or in Paris reconceives the idea that a U.S.-Soviet movie co-production would be big box office. And in due course it is rediscovered that the idea won't work. Why? According to a distinguished American specialist in Soviet affairs, "The Soviets always want to have it both ways: they would like to show their strong sides and our weak sides—this is their idea of how a co-production should work." Since the Communists are missionaries in the service of a faith that is dedicated to the destruction of the self-ruling, representative societies standing in the way of their alleged historical goal, the agreements they undertake in the name of coexistence become instruments for exacting the maximum concessions from their ideological enemies. **George Bailey** reviews the history of the recently renewed U.S.-Soviet Cultural Exchange Agreement to show how Moscow uses the lure of coexistence to its own advantage.

SAMUEL GOMPERS, the first president of the American Federation of Labor, consistently opposed union identification with a political party, preferring to "Stand faithfully by our friends and elect them; oppose our enemies and defeat them. . . ." Since the New Deal, however, labor has come to be considered as a section of the Democratic Party, and even though the AFL-CIO is now at odds with the administration over wage guidelines and the repeal of right-to-work laws, George Meany's threat to return to a Gompers-like independence has a hollow ring. **A. H. Raskin,** assistant editorial page editor of the New York *Times,* describes labor's gripes and its frustration at having no other party to turn to. . . . Good news from Latin America is rather rare these days, but the successful effort of five Central American nations to integrate their economies is an encouraging development. **Gladys Delmas** is an American journalist in Mexico City who has covered Latin America for a number of years. . . . Creeping capitalism is taking hold in Shanghai, reports **Robert Guillain,** *Le Monde's* Far Eastern correspondent. When he visited the city after an absence of nine years he was astonished to find that a number of businessmen and industrialists whose enterprises had been taken over had returned to both influence and affluence as "partners" with the state in managing local businesses. As a result, Shanghai's business community has prospered and sets an example that may one day have political repercussions in China. The article is adapted from M. Guillain's book *China Today and Tomorrow,* to be published in June by Walker & Company. . . . Some of the troubles the Army has had with the press in Vietnam may be traceable to the kind of instruction the uniformed information officers received at the Defense Information School, where **Martin F. Nolan** served as both a student and a teacher. After reading his article, the Pentagon's P.R. men may want to take back the Good Conduct Medal that Nolan received before he returned to his job as a Washington correspondent of the Boston *Globe.* . . . **Denis Warner** reports from Malaysia that the rift between Kuala Lumpur and Singapore is damaging to both of the new national economies and, unless a compromise can be reached, may deliver Singapore to Communism.

EDGARD VARESE, who died last November, was for most of his life the butt of music critics. This was not so much because he was ahead of his time but rather because he was startlingly of his time—a time full of the din of cities and of machines. **Frederic V. Grunfeld** lives and writes in Mallorca. . . . **Hennig Cohen** is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, from which he also edits the *American Quarterly.* **Nancy Price** teaches at the State College of Iowa. . . . **Richard Mayne,** a former Rome correspondent of the *New Statesman,* served on the European Coal and Steel Community staff in Luxembourg, with the EEC Commission in Brussels, and as director of the Documentation Center of the Comité d'Action pour les Etats-Unis d'Europe, a post he left this year to write a book on the history of Europe since the Second World War. His first book, *The Community of Europe,* was published by Norton. . . . **Virgilia Peterson** is the author of *A Matter of Life and Death* (Atheneum) and is a frequent commentator on contemporary fiction. . . . **Manfred Wolf,** who teaches at San Francisco State College, has read the book he discusses both in English and in the original Dutch.

Our Moscow cover is by **Eric Carle.**

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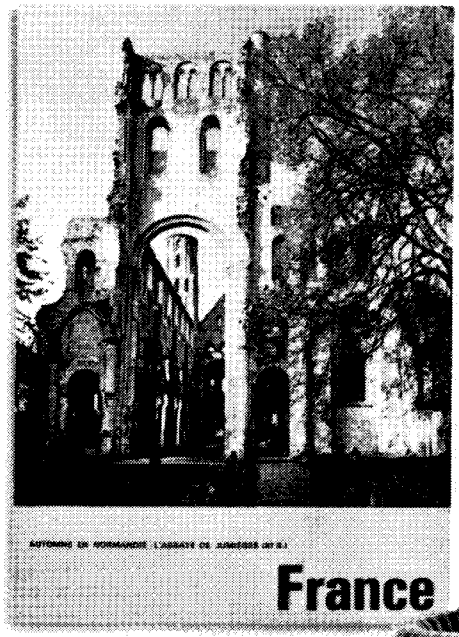

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To the Editor: Erwin Knoll's article "Our 'Model T' Copyright Law" (*The Reporter,* March 10) is both interesting and accurate and constitutes a very informative piece. There is room for disagreement, however, with Mr. Knoll's interpretation that the problem of protection of performers is a "major" issue at this time.

I believe you have performed a most useful function in presenting this story to your readers.

George D. Cary
Deputy Register of Copyrights
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Changes in methods of disseminating, storing, and communicating information in the last few years have made it very important that consideration be given to revising our archaic copyright law. I cannot emphasize too much the need for action in the copyright field.

Mr. Knoll's article is important in exploring the need and bringing it to the attention of a wider audience.

L. Quincy Mumford
Librarian of Congress
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Despite the importance of the issues presented by the bill to revise the copyright law, they have so far received comparatively little attention except from those directly affected. Mr. Knoll's article is, therefore, doubly welcome for its splendid analysis of an extremely complex and important problem, and for its introduction of your readers to the issues involved.

It is also apparent that Mr. Knoll read broadly and with understanding in this field. Only one point raises a question which may puzzle the reader who is familiar with the technical provisions of the bill and mislead the reader who isn't. This relates to the question of protection of sound recordings. At the hearings I made statements to the effect that although I am sympathetic with a public performing right in sound recordings, I doubt that there is any present chance for enacting a bill recognizing such a right. Mr. Knoll apparently inferred from this that the bill grants no copyright protection to sound recordings, but this is not the case. The bill actually breaks new ground in recognizing as copyrightable subject matter the contributions of performers and producers of sound recordings, and protects them fully against the unauthorized reproduction and sale of records. What the bill does not afford (and what I was addressing my remarks to) is an additional exclusive right to control the use of copyrighted records (as distinguished from the compositions on them) for broadcasting, discotheques, etc. This is an extremely controversial issue and one that is probably going to take a good deal of time to resolve.

The Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, under the able chairmanship of Congressman Robert Kastenmeier, held hearings over a period of three months last year, and is now giving intensive consideration to the bill. Although there are certain to be amendments, I am encouraged with the progress made toward working out fair solutions to the remaining problems.

Thank you for running this fine article.

Abraham L. Kaminstein
Register of Copyrights
Washington, D.C.

THE SOVIET TRIAL

To the Editor: George Bailey's analysis of the role of Sinyavsky and Daniel ("The Trial of Two Soviet Writers," *The Reporter,* February 24) is a masterly one. I am delighted that *The Reporter* has given his analysis such a wide public hearing.

Philip E. Mosely
Columbia University
New York

EDUCATION IN KENYA

To the Editor: In what seems an otherwise excellent report ("The Transformation of Jomo Kenyatta," *The Reporter,* March 10), Clyde Sanger makes a misleading comparison between the Lumumba Institute in Kenya and Kivukoni College in Tanzania, suggesting by the comparison that residential adult education for civil servants has failed in Kenya.

Mr. Sanger might have mentioned the College of Social Studies at Kikuyu, Kenya. Like Kivukoni, the College of Social Studies (which is the residential adult education division of University College, Nairobi, and is partly funded by a grant from the Carnegie Corporation) is an institution of "high reputation . . . benefiting a wide group of . . . party workers, trade unionists, and teachers," among others. Like Kivukoni, the College offers courses in English, African history, the nature of East African society, economics (including the study of African socialism), and so on—for a student body whose members will perform important functions in the development of the nation. Adult education in Kenya is really a lively affair.

Arthur S. Krival
Assistant to the Dean
University Extension Service
University of Wisconsin
Madison

BEN BARKA'S BITE

To the Editor: For anyone with a taste for thrillers or an interest in either French or Moroccan affairs, Claire Sterling's "The Ben Barka Affair" (*The Reporter,* March 10) was a distinct disappointment. In her choice of facts to be included as well as the interpretation she gave the ones she did choose, it is plain that the author has swallowed an explanation that the facts had to be made to fit.

This explanation is based on the premise that the solution to the mystery lies not in Morocco but in France. "Thus, as far as Morocco is concerned, the case appears to have been closed ever since it opened," Mrs. Sterling writes. It couldn't just possibly be that, knowing the real story and the degree of their own involvement, those in the highest positions in Morocco have every reason not to wish to discuss it?

Margaret Forsyth
St. Paul, Minnesota

To the Editor: Claire Sterling's fascinating account of the Ben Barka affair is by far the best published in the U.S. magazines I have read. The prime consideration in such operations is not to get caught at it, and the French security agents and police were astonishingly clumsy. A mark of their desperation when exposed was the recourse, probably officially inspired, to rumors implicating that international whipping boy, the Central Intelligence Agency.

Americans living in Europe can derive some satisfaction from the discomfiture of the old moralist de Gaulle, now that his own government's immorality has been exposed.

Richard Rennef
Geneva

'IN COLD BLOOD'

To the Editor: Bravo! John Kenneth Galbraith came through just as I had decided there would never be a sensible word about "That Book" (*The Reporter,* March 10). His analysis is concise, perceptive, and accurate.

Ellen H. Burton
U.S.A.F. Academy
Colorado

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #143

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Scholarship Virus

Perhaps it all began with the Bomb. Atomic scientists and mathematicians felt that their responsibility to mankind would have to be extended into political action if their discoveries were not to be misused; and ordinary mortals were so awed by the power of science that scientists were respectfully listened to on every subject under the sun. The result has been a twenty-year plague in Washington of what might be called "scholaritis."

The latest case came to our attention in the long lead story of the New York *Times* on March 21, headlined "EXPERTS ON CHINA URGE U.S. TO SEEK A PEKING ACCORD." "198 academic experts on China" had signed a document recommending that the administration make five basic policy changes to establish diplomatic, cultural, and trade relations with Communist China and end our resistance to Peking's membership in the United Nations. A full inside page was devoted to the text of the recommendations, interpretation, and a list of the signers' names.

This is the kind of display the *Times* usually gives to events of momentous significance, and the news probably was considered as such by the paper's readers. What stopped us in our tracks, however, was not the statement of principles or the merits of the recommendations—both of which have been and will be widely debated—but the inference throughout the *Times's* reportage that, as it said, "a large group of scholars on Asian affairs" had placed their authority behind the document. The signatories all belonged to the Association for Asian Studies, which has a membership of 3,375. Could there really be that many "China experts" in the country? We decided to inquire.

The genesis of the document, it turned out, was in several peace organizations. Dr. Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah Lawrence College, whose fields of academic expertise are assured to be education and philosophy, and Mrs. Betty Goetz Lall of Cornell's School of Industrial and Labor Relations, a disarmament specialist, helped prepare the statement as an initiative of the National Research Council on Peace Strategy, a small "communications liaison" body associated with the Institute for International Order of New York City. A third group, Turn Toward Peace, mimeographed and mailed the document, and a fourth, the Council for a Liveable World, circulated it in Washington. To "learn the views of a group considered among the most knowledgeable" on United States Relations with Asia, the statement was sent to members of the Association for Asian Studies, who were asked for their opinions.

Some three hundred replied, of whom 198 endorsed the document, and Dr. Taylor and Mrs. Lall released the story to the press. As the *Times* pointed out, among these were eminent China experts, such as John K. Fairbank of Harvard and Alexander Eckstein of the University of Michigan; there were also a curiously large number of anthropologists, some professors of religion, economics, and assorted subjects, including library science, a high-school teacher, and professional men. Some names bore no academic references. Were they too "China experts" and "scholars," as the *Times* repeatedly stated?

At the headquarters of the Association for Asian Studies in Ann Arbor, a spokesman was deeply distressed. The association's name should not have been used in the news stories, she told us. It had nothing to do with the policy recommendations. Its membership included experts on China, but also about a thousand graduate students and many persons who, whatever

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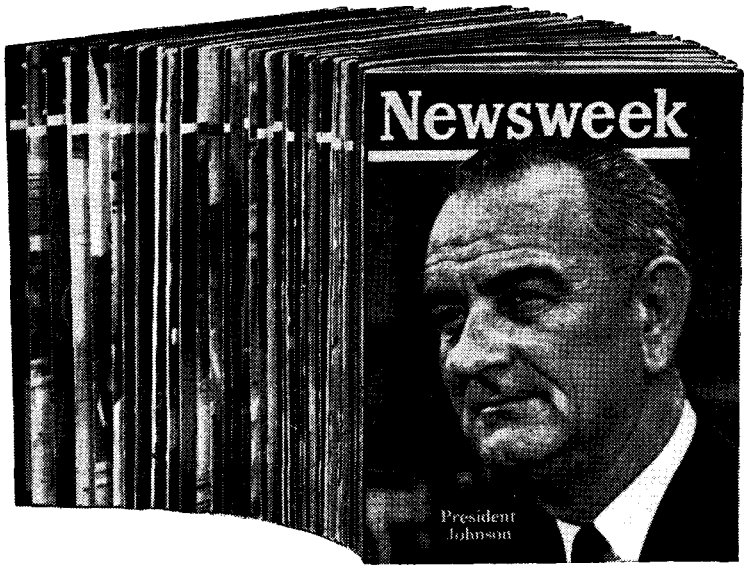

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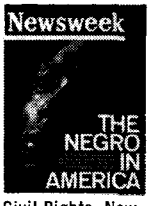

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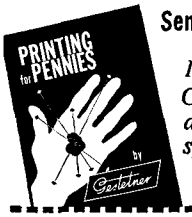

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their eminence in their own fields might be, were in no sense "China experts"—almost anyone, in fact, who cared to apply and pay $15 dues. She was worried that unauthorized use of the association's name in a political cause might jeopardize its tax exempt status.

We then spoke to a sampling of the signers whose identification in the *Times* did not seem to jibe with the paper's description of the "198 academic experts on China." For example, Harold E. Hill, associate professor of Old Testament language and literature at the Indiana School of Religion in Bloomington, said that while he had a particular interest in Far Eastern religions, his knowledge was more cultural than political and he signed not as a Sinologist but because he thought the statement sound. Edward P. Gottlieb, principal of PS 165 in New York and chairman of the War Resisters League, had no specific link with Asian scholarship, but signed on "moral and spiritual" grounds.

But soundness of principle is not the issue here. While other leading newspapers on March 21 gave top play to such an event as the merger of three New York dailies, relegating Dr. Taylor and Mrs. Lall's document to brief mention, the *Times* built the release into major significance by giving it inordinate prominence and a largely spurious authority. This is not just an acute case of "scholaritis"; this is irresponsible journalism.

Batman for Governor!

This slogan on a bumper sticker is one Alabaman's reaction to the May 3 Democratic primary. In addition to Lurleen (Mrs. George) Wallace, whom we wrote about in our last issue, there are ten other candidates, six of them reasonably well known throughout the state. But since the Voting Rights Act swept aside literacy tests and Negro registration more than doubled to 225,000, politicians have had to change their pitch. Even former Governor John Patterson veils his segregationism by calling himself "a proven defender of our rights."

Former Representative Carl Elliott, who appears to be running a strong third behind Lurleen Wallace and Patterson, and another former governor, James E. ("Kissin' Jim") Folsom, are appearing before Negro audiences soliciting votes for the first time in Alabama politics. And Attorney General Richmond Flowers, a one-time segregationist, has practically written off the white vote. He is given little chance unless virtually all registered Negroes vote, and vote for him.

The impact of the Negro vote on the state-wide contest will almost certainly be dissipated by this confusion, and by the fact that the main Negro effort is going into eighty-six local candidacies. Negroes now have potential voting majorities in seven counties where they scarcely used to vote at all. The idea of Negro sheriffs has roused Black Belt whites into meeting the Negro campaigns with stiff efforts of their own. Negro leaders suggest the governors primary doesn't really matter to them since the local offices have more impact on civil rights.

Alabama politics won't stop in May this year. There are two more forces to be reckoned with. Negroes impatient with the whites who run the Democratic Party are moving to organize independent third parties. They will be holding mass rallies after May 3, preparing to put up local candidates and take advantage of further registration.

The second force is the Republican Party, which won for Barry Goldwater in 1964 and will be fielding many local candidates this year. Given the Democrats' pre-election battle and the state's aversion to the National Democratic Party, Representative James Martin, the certain GOP candidate, may well edge out Batman and all the others in the gubernatorial contest in November.

Traffic Jam

In a study for a Presidential advisory commission, the research firm of Arthur D. Little, Inc., has suggested that the District of Columbia simply halt all of its major road-building plans and begin anew by thinking small, planning highways as need arises, "rather than making massive, irrevocable commitments."

The Little firm went on to question the ultimate goals of the nation's Interstate Highway System,

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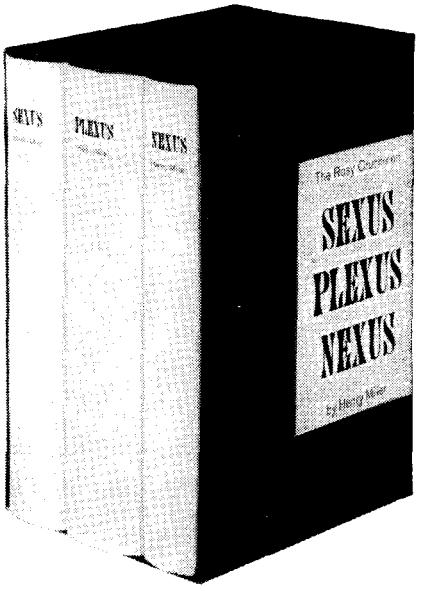

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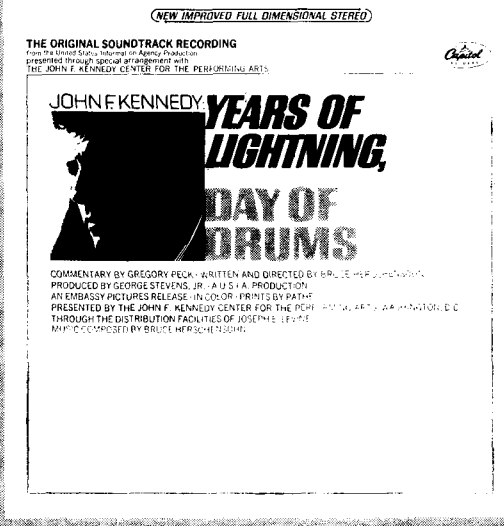
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which it said was guilty of relying on "computerized data processing rather than planning . . . This has led to a search for false certainty. Social and aesthetic costs and benefits should not be forced into equations."

The Little staff noted that "A rising level of aesthetic awareness, together with a rising demand that urban amenities be preserved, make the . . . present schedule for completing the Interstate System [by 1972] unrealistic . . . resistance to Bureau of Public Roads standards, viewed by many as an ukase, is increasing sharply in the urban areas."

Resistance? Rebellion, rather, seems the mood of urban politicians who are spurning the offers of ninety per cent Federal aid for Interstate highways. In New York, the proposed Lower Manhattan Expressway, part of a highway master plan for twenty-five years, is out as far as the Lindsay administration is concerned. Under a state-Federal formula of aid, the city would have paid only $220,000 towards the expressway's cost of $100 million.

The San Francisco Board of Supervisors has turned down $300 million in Federal funds to build two freeways to connect with the Golden Gate Bridge. What's more, a sizeable segment of public opinion favors tearing down some existing sections of freeway. In New Orleans, citizens' groups are protesting Interstate Highway No. 10, which will cut off Jackson Park and most of the Vieux Carré from the Mississippi River. And in Cambridge, Massachusetts (home of Arthur D. Little, Inc.), Boston's Inner Belt highway is scheduled to bisect the residential area, but only after eighteen years of local opposition.

The Interstate Highway Program, described by President Eisenhower as "the greatest public works program in history," completed half of its 41,000 scheduled miles late last year. Now its bulldozers are bogged down in, of all things, aesthetics and other human considerations. "It appears now that the target date for completion will have to be extended slightly," Federal Highway Administrator Rex Whitton said on March 17. This period of suspended animation may be a good time to rethink

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the whole lop-sided pattern of American transportation: "Presumably," the Little report says, "there is one day in 1980 for which all Interstate Highways are to be designed without regard for their under-use before that day or their obsolescence thereafter."

Revolutionary Idea

Now that criticizing American foreign policy has become such a popular pastime that it is even displacing reruns of *I Love Lucy* on the home screen, perhaps this is the moment to give some attention to an idea that Professor Aaron Wildavsky of the University of California's Political Science Department facetiously presents as a solution to some of our problems abroad. He calls it the Theory of Pre-emptive Revolution.

We should, he says, pick out "the three most hopeless countries in Latin America, in Africa, and in Asia . . . whose extraordinary dearth of natural resources is matched only by the virtually total incapacity of their populations . . . such sinkholes that billions of dollars would disappear . . . without producing a molecule of visible improvement." Then we should instigate and finance Communist revolutions in these countries, with the reasonable expectation that when the Communists take over they will immediately throw themselves upon the bosom of Moscow.

This, the professor predicts, would put the Soviets in the uncomfortable situation (now so familiar to us) of having to bear the huge expense and impossible task of supporting the new régimes while earning only the resentment of their protégés. If the Soviets refused, their pretensions to leadership of the underdeveloped world would be exposed.

Meanwhile, the developing countries, instead of taking the United States for granted, will find themselves worrying a great deal about us. We will be in the enviable position of playing hard to get, while the more prosperous countries, fearing the plight of their new Communist neighbors, will look to us for salvation. And think of the money we'll save!

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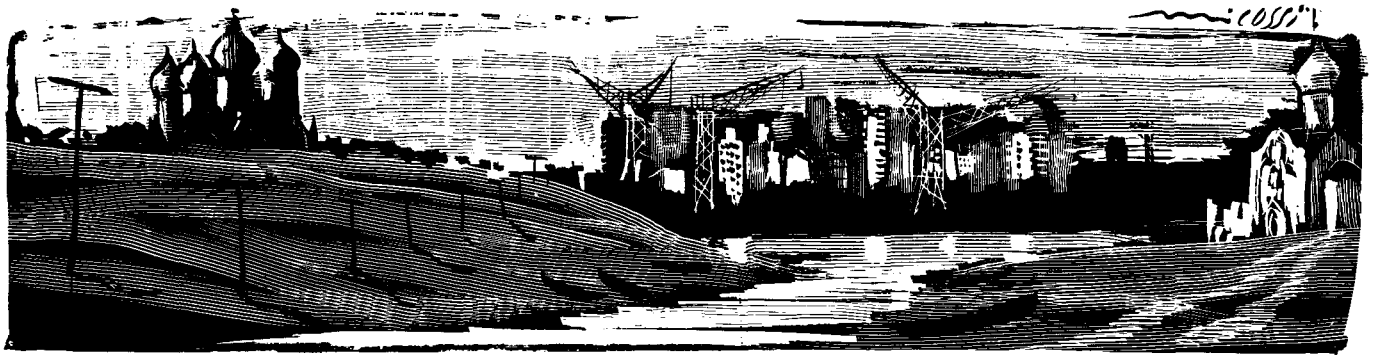

Cultural Exchange As the Soviets Use It

GEORGE BAILEY

THE NEW Cultural Exchange Agreement with the Soviet Union was reached after only ten days of negotiation—in remarkable contrast to the forty-six days of desperately stubborn hassling that were required to conclude the one of 1964-1965. When that agreement expired on December 31 the Soviet government showed a distinct disinclination even to discuss a new one until the bombing of North Vietnam had ceased—if then. Before the expiration it had abruptly canceled the Russian engagement of *Hello, Dolly!* and followed up by refusing to accept six American writers and artists scheduled to go to the Soviet Union under the Exchange Program and by canceling the American tours of Soviet writers and artists.

When presented with the new agreement, the President, who had been understandably nettled by the capricious and oblique behavior of the Soviets, was at first unwilling to authorize its signature on the part of our government unless a clause could be inserted guaranteeing that each party could cancel the whole program upon unilateral violation of one of its features. He did not lack good reasons for this guarded attitude, but finally, reassured by the State Department lawyers that any binational deal of this kind can be voided when there is an act of non-compliance on the other side, he decided two days later that there was no harm in giving the pact a trial and having it signed as it was.

Paying the Price

From the very beginning, the Exchange Program with the Soviet Union had proved to be at best a thorny by-product of coexistence that we were eager to accept. But the fact that the Americans were anxious to build a bridge between American and Soviet culture put the Soviet Union at an advantage. For their curiosity to know more about life in a totalitarian state, the Americans had to pay a price. The first Exchange Program, the so-called Lacy-Zarubin Agreement, was signed in January, 1958, after almost a year of intermittent negotiations. The delay was due mainly to the reluctance of the Russians to enter into a program at all. Molotov had rejected outright the idea of establishing United States reading rooms in the Soviet Union, calling them "spy centers." There was also apparently a genuine lack of interest: "Cultural exchange—bah!" said one Soviet official. "We send you our Jews and you send us yours!"

This was before Sol Hurok succeeded in persuading the Soviets that substantial sums of hard currency could be earned by sending concert artists and groups on tour in the United States. Midway in the second Exchange Program (1960-1961) the Soviets had perceived the advantages of exchange and had defined their goals, namely: to gain as much scientific and technical knowledge as possible, to propagandize the American public and nongovernmental institutions, to increase trade and obtain credits, and, above all, to promulgate their own brand of peaceful coexistence as a basic tenet of international behavior.

For their part, Americans wanted to learn as much as possible about the Soviet Union in virtually all fields, to broaden contacts and thus "open up Soviet society." In order to co-ordinate and control the development of exchange, a Soviet and Eastern European Exchanges Staff was set up in the Department of State. This staff advises and sometimes warns various private organizations dealing with the Soviet Union, particularly the three chief sponsoring and administrative organizations: the Inter-University Committee on Travel Grants, the American Council of Learned Societies, and the National Academy of Sciences. In August, 1961, the Soviet Union established its own bridge-

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head by founding the Institute of Soviet-American Relations as a "nongovernmental organization." The State Department's exchanges staff refused to regard the institute as anything but a pure Soviet governmental organization and warned American scientific and cultural groups against dealing with it without the assistance and knowledge of their own government.

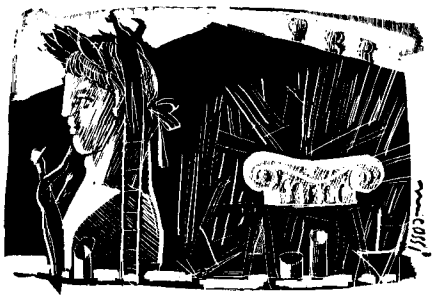
THE FIRST OBSTACLE encountered by American students and scholars traveling to the Soviet Union was the Russians' restriction limiting access to their archives to a minimum. To justify the restriction, the Soviet authorities plead basic differences in archival systems: in the Soviet Union archives are separate institutions not dependent on or subordinated to the institutions of higher learning they serve. Peculiar habits in the use of archives and in the approach to research in general were soon noted. In the Lenin Library in Moscow, for example, the library cards show the field of research of the cardholder, and librarians have been known to refuse to give access to materials which they themselves consider "irrelevant" to the applicant's field.

Generally, the traditional Soviet obsession with security has eliminated entire areas of research for foreign scholars or scientists and resulted in the wholesale rejection of American candidates interested in any aspect of advanced science or technology or of social problems relating to recent history or current events. Not one American economist has been accepted by the Soviets in the last four years. Only two were accepted in the first four years of the program. No American historian specializing in the Second World War and no political scientist interested in the Soviet government and party executive has ever been accepted.

To justify these wholesale rejections, the Soviets from the outset have adopted the ruse of nominating their own candidates to sensitive or security areas of study in the United States in the full knowledge that such nominations were bound to result in the denial of visas by the U.S. State Department. Having thus provoked a series of American rejections, the Soviets proceeded to reject a corresponding number of American nominees, specifically all those whose projects touched or concerned areas of Soviet study nominally open but actually closed.

The most effective Soviet ruse is delay—particularly in correspondence. A report of the Inter-University Committee on Travel Grants dated March 1, 1965, states that the Soviet authorities had "not yet informed the Committee of its ability to receive five of the thirteen American scholars nominated for research visits during 1964-1965. Their reply was due on June 15, 1964." This was a delay of nine months in excess of the three-month time limit fixed in the Exchange Agreement.

These delays are of little moment compared to the psychological influence achieved by the "routine intransigence of Soviet bureaucrats." As the writer of an intra-committee report put it recently: "We face continuously, in the selection process, the question of how to balance our own interest in expanding knowledge against Soviet sensitivities. The



appeal of many interesting and useful proposals is often offset by a feeling that the proposal will be unacceptable to the Russians and that the applicant may be unaware of Soviet sensitivities. Should the applicant be asked to alter his project? To what extent have applicants already chosen insignificant topics to avoid this difficulty?"

The pressures created by the Soviets in the deliberate maladministration of various sections of the Exchange Program have borne heavily on American academic administrators accustomed to a considerably different atmosphere. "When you come right down to it," one commented, "we are acting as Soviet agents in our own country because we are, consciously or unconsciously, applying Soviet selection standards instead of our own to American applicants."

As They Wish

The Soviets have, of course, been even more effective in influencing and controlling the work of American participants in the Soviet Union. "In effect," said one of the American directors of the program last year, "we have surrendered the control and direction of American exchange students in the Soviet Union to the Soviets." The committee has long since recognized that the chief characteristic of the Soviets' administration of the program is the apparent desire to control both sides of the exchange. It is this same desire, manifested as "a basic disagreement on whether it is the sending or receiving country which should have the primary role in choosing which individuals go as participants," that has wrecked the researchers and lecturers section of the program.

The Soviets have managed to have it both ways. Ninety per cent of the Soviet participants coming to the United States have been in the fields of mathematics, science, and technology. Ninety per cent of the Americans going to the Soviet Union have been in history, linguistics, literature, or the social sciences. The ten per cent of Americans in the scientific exchanges are still less representative of success than the percentage would indicate: a committee report notes with gratification that a low-temperature physicist managed to achieve satisfactory access to research and laboratory facilities in 1964.

On the American side, the exchange has had its own special process of elimination. "Some of the applicants simply do not meet the general standards of quality." Many of those who do qualify on these grounds do not have adequate training and preparation for the research projects they designate. One of the most common problems, of course, is the lack of proficiency in the Russian language—"not only in speaking and understanding, but also in the applicants' ability to read and translate." More disturbing: "There is a feeling on the part of the selection committee that we are now

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getting fewer really excellent applicants." This is particularly true of the scientists, who were never enthusiastic as a group about study in Russia. The number of applicants to the National Academy of Sciences for the exchange has been dwindling year by year.

The same seems to apply to specialists in Russian studies. A committee report of last year noted that "Very few Foreign Area Fellows, presumably the best young men and women of the Russian area, apply for the exchanges. No more than a fifth of the three hundred persons who received their Ph.D. degrees from American universities in some area of Russian studies since 1960 have applied to the committee." The committee wonders why this is and wonders whether the eighty per cent of the most qualified potential applicants have been "discouraged by the reports of previous participants."

They may well have been. The reports of previous participants seldom appear in the public domain: all, according to several previous participants recently interviewed, are "strongly admonished to write nothing for publication which might endanger the Exchange Program." Nevertheless, the hardships, indignities, and general frustration attendant upon living and working in the Soviet Union are notorious among all area specialists.

Definitions of Espionage

The particularly flagrant entrapment of Professor Frederick C. Barghoorn of Yale by Soviet security organs very nearly discredited the Exchange Program outright. Professor Barghoorn was not a participant in the exchange when he was arrested in Moscow in November, 1963, and held incommunicado on charges of espionage, but he was a member of the program's advisory board. Furthermore, his arrest took place on the eve of the scheduled negotiations for the period 1964-1965. The U.S. authorities, in the wave of public outrage that followed, canceled the negotiations. It was only after Barghoorn's release sixteen days later and after the Soviets had given assurances—not as such, to be sure, but in the form of deploring that "isolated instances should be allowed to influence the context of relations between our two countries"—that negotiations were eventually resumed and the program continued.

Despite the "assurances," all of them oral, the committee feared that "Some American educators and researchers will now be hesitant to travel in the Soviet Union or will feel inhibited in their work if they go." (The only written assurance resulting from the Barghoorn case is in the form of a clause guaranteeing "immediate access" to prisoners in the consular convention negotiated and signed by the United States and the Soviet Union in June, 1964, but still not ratified by either the Senate or the Supreme Soviet.)

But the Barghoorn case was not the first instance of espionage charges by the Soviets in connection with the Exchange Program. In 1960, spy charges were leveled at a graduate-student participant but only after he had returned to the United States. Nor was it by any means the last. In the course of 1964, at least three exchange participants were held for varying periods by the Soviets on charges connected directly or indirectly with espionage. The first was the target of a recruitment attempt by the Commission for State Security (KGB). The American was approached for a clandestine purpose by a Soviet acquaintance who was working for the KGB. The approach was then used as leverage by the KGB in an attempt to recruit the participant. The second case involved an exchange participant who was jailed in Warsaw after being victimized by the KGB operating in Poland. The third, an American implicated in a homosexual episode staged by the KGB, was bound over and threatened with photographic evidence of an offense that carries an eight-year maximum penalty.

To date, no Soviet participant in the United States has been charged with espionage. As one State Department official put it, "Soviet participants are engaged in what the Soviets would call espionage but not in what *we* would call espionage." Not that the Soviets, in their enlargement of the term, have lost sight of the classical concept of espionage. One young Soviet economist participant in an exchange program with the Netherlands, Peter Smirnov, was caught red-handed in an old-fashioned act of espionage, arrested, and charged accordingly in June, 1960, at The Hague. He was deported a few weeks later.

The Soviets were greatly embarrassed by the affair and took considerable pains to pass it off in their own and the satellite press as a provocation engineered by the Americans to distract attention from the U-2 incident. In the United States the Soviets restrict their participants to comparatively harmless intelligence-training assignments.

THE Inter-University Committee on Travel Grants is not able to compile reliable statistics of espionage cases involving participants in the Exchange Program. Participants who have been badgered into accepting intelligence assignments from the Soviets generally make a clean breast to the FBI once they have regained safe haven on home soil, but there is little likelihood that such episodes will be revealed to colleagues or superiors in the academic field, particularly if a sense of shame or lack of integrity is involved.

In early 1962, Natalie Bienstock, a naturalized American of Russian parentage, was recruited by the KGB while a tourist in Moscow. Since she was employed as an interpreter and road-company secretary by Hurok Attractions, Inc., Miss Bienstock was given the assignment of reporting (in secret ink) to Soviet officials at the United Nations in New York on the conduct and activities of Russian stage performers touring the United States under the Cultural Exchange Program. Before she signed statements to the Justice Department more than a year and a half later, Miss Bienstock submitted seven secret reports to the KGB, including the name of a Russian ballerina whom she regarded as "a possibly disloyal citizen of the Soviet Union." In the agreement she signed with the KGB in Moscow, Miss Bienstock undertook to submit reports "concerning the activities of persons connected with the Soviet group in the United States on the Cultural Exchange Agreement, if the activities of such persons are detrimental to the Soviet Union and therefore to the Cultural Exchange."

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Miss Bienstock indicated in an interview with the press that she had been recruited by coercion. She was credited by American authorities with having turned herself in voluntarily, even if at a regrettably late date.

The majority of Americans in every Exchange Program have been subjected to at least one recruitment attempt by the KGB. Sexual provocations are usually the first stage of such operations. This is the main reason why the Soviets have always balked at American insistence that wives accompany program participants to the Soviet Union (officially the Soviets plead inability to provide family quarters because of the very real housing shortage). For exactly the opposite reason, the Soviets refuse to allow wives to accompany Soviet program participants to the United States. The danger for the Soviets is the defection of the family unit, particularly if there are no children. Thus Soviet wives stay home as hostages.

However, the hostage system is no guarantee. Despite the presence of his wife in the Soviet Union, one young Soviet participant enrolled at Harvard tried to defect in 1963. He found himself confronted by both Soviet and American officials with the common interest of preventing his defection. The Americans were constrained to make a common cause with the Soviets because of their interest in the continuance of the Exchange Program: it is a foregone conclusion that one Soviet defector in the United States would spell the doom of the program. The man was soon transferred to a psychiatric ward. He was ultimately returned to the Soviet Union as a mental case (State Department officials explaining that he could not be cared for properly because there was no Russian-speaking American psychiatrist in the United States; there was and is).

THE Soviet authorities' standard method in dealing with foreign residents and tourists is administrative harassment. Participants in the Exchange Program are particularly exposed to this technique because of the very nature of the pursuit in which all are professionally engaged —free inquiry. In short, their reason for being in the Soviet Union is the same reason the Soviet authorities do not want them there—and will not tolerate their presence unless they practice strict observance of terms imposed by the Soviets in direct contravention of the spirit and the letter of the Cultural Exchange Agreement.

A case in point is the experience of Professor Lewis S. Feuer, profes-

sor of philosophy at the University of California, who spent four and a half months in the Soviet Union as a lecturer in the Exchange Program in early 1963. An eminent sociologist, Professor Feuer was accorded the rare honor (although the honor is an agreed requirement of the Exchange Program) of admission to the Institute of Philosophy of the Soviet Academy of Scientists in Moscow. He was scheduled to give five lectures to the research workers of the Institute. However, the reception of his first four lectures (his subject was trends in philosophy in the Soviet Union and the United States) was such that he asked to be excused from his fifth, in which he had intended to sum up his findings on his travels in European Russia and the southern Soviet republics.

Persuaded to carry on by the Institute director, Professor Feuer contended that Soviet social science had failed to confront four important problems: the conflict of generations (which the Soviets deny exists), anti-Semitism (the existence of which the Soviets vehemently deny), the cult of personality (Stalinism), and Soviet mass culture. In treating the problem of anti-Semitism, thereby prompting a heated discussion which dominated the question period following the lecture, Professor Feuer produced and cited an article on anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union written by Moshe Decter which had appeared in the magazine *Foreign Affairs*.

Shortly afterward, Professor Feuer was prevented from boarding his plane for Western Europe and subjected to four and a half hours of interrogation by KGB officials. He was informed that he might well have to face charges of dealing in anti-Soviet propaganda, specifically of smuggling an anti-Soviet tract into the Soviet Union, Professor Feuer pointed out that he had brought the Decter article into the Soviet Union as part of his source material for his lectures, and had indeed produced it and discussed it openly in them. ("The Soviet negotiators," runs the State Department's summary report, "rejected all efforts to widen or increase informational exchanges and, in particular, refused to consider the commercial sale of American books, journals and newspapers and, despite the section on radio and television exchanges, to give clear indication of any increase in this field. . . ." In practice the only American publication allowed in the Soviet Union is the official United States government magazine *Amerika*, which is published once a month and has a circulation of 62,000.)

The KGB officers made persistent attempts to extract incriminating statements from Professor Feuer about Soviet citizens he had met during his stay. When the futility of these attempts became evident, he was allowed to depart.

PROFESSOR FEUER'S treatment at the hands of his hosts is by no means the most arbitrary or the most unpleasant in the long list of unpublished harassments against American participants in the Exchange Program. These incidents have remained unpublished not only or even primarily because all participants are enjoined not to publish anything detrimental to the program. A more important factor is the desire of the participants to protect Soviet citizens whom they have met privately and by whom they have been befriended.

Another effective silencer is the fact that in the majority of cases the participant's profession is itself hostage to the Soviet Union. Most of the Exchange Program scholars

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are specialists in Soviet-area studies. To a very large extent their careers are dependent on continued access to the Soviet Union and thus directly dependent on the good will of the Soviet authorities. Scholars and students who have suffered acute discomfort and distress at the hands of the Soviet authorities and have also been put on notice that they would never be allowed to return to the Soviet Union are apt to refuse to release their stories for publication for fear of prejudicing their chances of re-entry into the Soviet Union at some future date.

Unbalanced Reciprocity

But it is the field of U.S.-Soviet press relations that offers the most striking contradiction of the myth that reciprocity is the first principle of exchange. Theoretically, the U.S. press corps in Moscow and the Soviet press corps in Washington were established and are maintained on the basis of strict reciprocity, with twenty correspondents to each corps. In practice the status of the two corps has become wildly lopsided. Three American correspondents were expelled from the Soviet Union in the course of 1965 alone. One of them, Adam Clymer of the Baltimore *Sun*, was expelled on grounds of his own conduct (Clymer tried to make his way through a Moscow police cordon in an effort to reach safety in the American embassy when he came to after being knocked unconscious by Chinese student demonstrators). The others were avowedly treated as hostages by the Soviet government and made to answer for editorial decisions of their publications or networks. The most recent expellee, Stephen Rosenfeld of the Washington *Post*, was given seven days to leave after he was asked to have his newspaper halt publication of the last Penkovsky papers.

No Soviet correspondent has ever been expelled from the United States —this despite the fact that on the occasion of every expulsion of an American journalist from the Soviet Union, the State Department punctiliously asks the U.S. news organization affected whether it desires to invoke reciprocity of expulsion. No such desire has ever been expressed. The reason is that, in the field of press relations, the Soviet Union long ago achieved its primary goal in any and all exchange programs with non-Communist countries: the equation of Soviet organizations (all of which are necessarily state owned and strictly controlled) with private foreign groups. It deals on a direct bilateral basis with individual U.S. news organizations. Each U.S. news organization believes that it has—and in fact, it does have—a special arrangement with the Soviet government. No editor-in-chief or publisher would dream of prejudicing the privileged position his organization enjoys as a result of this special relationship; regardless of the treatment received from the "senior partner" in the relationship. Managing editors and vice-presidents in charge of news will explain that Soviet officials have informed them "privately" of the impending resumption of their

Moscow bureau's accreditation or acceptance of their candidate to replace the hapless correspondent recently expelled for no fault of his own.

In its foreign press relations with capitalist countries, the Soviet Union has been able to secure maximum leverage from the mere fact of competition among independent private news media. The intrinsic news value of the Moscow dateline is comparatively small; its extrinsic value is enormous. Because of this combination of circumstances, U.S. news organizations invariably reject the offer of intercession by their own government for the privilege of dealing with the Soviet government directly. They avoid the shackles of government interference at home in order to accept it unqualifiedly abroad. This arrangement worked so well for the Soviets that in 1961 they were able to lift the highly unpopular and embarrassing formal censorship of dispatches filed by foreign correspondents and replace it with the honor system of self-censorship. Since then the correspondent must be doubly careful to do nothing that might undermine his employer's special relationship with the Soviet government.

THUS as a group, the correspondents are the foreigners most exposed to Soviet administrative harassment. Largely deprived of diplomatic or organizational protection, he—or she (the Russian security services prefer to harass women)—is moreover engaged professionally in the activity the state fears and detests most: inquiry into current events. To protect against inquiry, the Soviets spread a net of administrative and statutory restrictions and requirements so intricate that the correspondent will become involved in the commission of irregularities as a matter of course.

U.S. television bureaus in Moscow, for example, manage to receive permission from the Soviet Foreign Office to ship out film on an average of once for every ten applications. They must try to expedite the remaining ninety per cent of their film footage as best they can, resorting to diplomatic pouches or prevailing upon departing tourists or businessmen to carry film to the nearest western dispatch point. In necessarily resorting to these practices, the correspondents automatically render themselves liable to expulsion at the convenience of the Soviet authorities.

The routine forms of passive and active harassment have never been relaxed. Correspondents are placed under constant surveillance for the first three to six months of their tenure —that is, until the pattern of their activity and ports of call becomes

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clear, at which time spot surveillance is substituted. The authorities take it ill when a correspondent oversteps the set pattern.

The Trap-Net

There are worse countermeasures than expulsion: the penalty for overzealous reporting is provocation and entrapment. There have been cases of journalists being required to have their visas extended every few months and in which each application for an extension involved an elaborate ceremony where the granting of the extension was guaranteed as a simple matter if only the journalist accepted a KGB assignment to report the moves and contacts of his American colleagues.

In 1961 an American correspondent was administered knockout drops in a Moscow café, transported unconscious to a sobering-up station, and photographed in helpless disarray from various angles. One of the most prominent Soviet newspapers thereupon published a lurid article against the journalist and the American press in general.

When Priscilla Johnson, a writer who had been in the Soviet Union for a United States news agency in the late 1950's, returned to Moscow in 1962 on a limited story assignment for *The Reporter*, she was obliged—as visiting journalists always are unless accompanying a state visitor—to travel on an ordinary tourist visa. In fact, however, this is part of the administrative trap-net: if the journalist oversteps the narrow limits set by the Soviets, he is reminded that he has only a tourist's and not a journalist's visa. If he refuses to take the admonition to heart, he is expelled for conduct inconsistent with his normal status as a tourist. Because Miss Johnson refused to stop cultivating her relations with Soviet artists and writers (since this was the purpose of her visit), she was told that she was suspected of "ideological espionage," was placed under conspicuous surveillance, and finally tricked into leaving the country via Leningrad, a fact that deprived her of the minimum consular protection afforded by Moscow. At the Leningrad airport, customs officials confiscated all her papers, including eighteen notebooks (many of them compiled during previous trips or outside the Soviet Union), Soviet press clippings, and two of her own manuscripts that she had brought along for reference and correction. The customs officials explained that all this material would have to be ex-

amined to determine whether it constituted "anti-Soviet propaganda." She was then bundled onto her plane.

Anyone visiting or residing in the Soviet Union is subjected to highly efficient police-state treatment. From the moment he enters the country to the moment he leaves, the tourist is guided, observed, and recorded. Hotels in Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev have closed-circuit TV cameras, infrared photographic equipment, two-way mirrors, and plain old-fashioned peepholes installed—in addition to the permanent fixture of the microphone. All the electronic gimmickry of the *roman d'espionage-policier* is brought to bear on the tourist.

But more effective still is the network of human eyes trained on the foreigner. The KGB is the most highly organized and ubiquitous security organization in history. It has effectively commandeered all the institutions of Soviet life—service and cultural as well as academic. The technique of intimidation by administrative harassment is most effective as applied against Soviet citizens, who are the prime targets of the KGB. The very fabric of Soviet society is a mesh of interlocking "voluntary" surveillance systems—vigilantes anonymous.

THE IMMEDIATE PURPOSE of setting up an exchange program with a police state was to lay the bases for co-operation in defined areas of common interest and gradually expand from there. The general assumption was that if enough air holes could be opened into the Soviet system, normality would gradually assert itself. The assumption was correct as far as it went. "There is growing evidence," runs last year's report by the Inter-University Committee, "that Soviet scholars are more willing than ever to co-operate with American graduate students and scholars. Thus, as opportunities for successful academic work show a general improvement and scholarly contacts become more normal, administrative problems created by the Ministry serve to constrain these developments." In other words, as scholarly relations improved, administrative constraints increased.

The cultural agreement that has just been signed (if we can forget the Soviets' hesitancy in starting negotiations, the tirades against the American war of conquest in Vietnam, and the stupid cancellation of *Hello, Dolly!*) has been reached in record time, and cannot be called substantially different from the previous one. If anything, it could be called more realistic: some of the agreements have been curtailed to conform with the number and types of exchanges that actually took place under the former agreement. Even so, and considering the experience our government has acquired, it doesn't leave much room for optimism. There has been no retreat, explicit or implicit, from the position defined so many times by Khrushchev & Co.: coexistence is a political concept that cannot possibly be extended to what they call the "ideological sphere."

Peaceful coexistence for the Communists means a pre-ordained historical process by any method short of total war. Any initiative uncomfortable to the Soviet Union is thereby branded as a "threat to peace." Peaceful coexistence thrives on prolonged negotiations and temporary agreements with our side—all considered in the Communists' mind as steps toward the ultimate aim. But they have never deviated in considering that nothing is negotiable, no compromise is possible in the realm of ideologies and culture—not in their land and not in their relations with the rest of the world. The punishment inflicted on Sinyavsky and Daniel is just the latest evidence.

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Labor's Political Frustrations

A. H. RASKIN

A MOOD of frustration grips organized labor, and the thing that frustrates it most is the absence of any effective way to express it. Union leaders are angry at the White House and Congress. They are convinced that the administration's wage-price guideposts short-change unions; they are equally convinced that their pet bills get kicked around on Capitol Hill with no meaningful effort by President Johnson to save them.

Yet threats that labor will strike back by boycotting Democrats at the Congressional elections this fall have a hollow sound even to those who make them. In only a handful of districts will labor have anywhere else to go. The heads of the AFL-CIO and of its maritime and construction departments spent two rainy weeks in Florida in February, and their remarks about labor's political tribulations in Washington were as doleful as the weather. But a few days after they all got back to the capital, George Meany was at the White House to assure the President that they didn't mean any of it personally. Walter Reuther had already been there with the same message.

Despite these assurances, the reversal of political sentiment in recent months has been both abrupt and startling. Meany opened his presidential report to last December's Federation convention in San Francisco with this ebullient passage: "At no time in the ten-year history of the AFL-CIO has the United States seemed more surely on the road toward fulfillment of the American dream—the creation of a national society whose every member can fully and equally pursue his own destiny; a society from which poverty and economic fear has been banished; a society of true abundance for all. The New Deal proclaimed by Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1933 has come to belated maturity under Lyndon B. Johnson in 1965."

Less than three months later, in a news conference after the midwinter meeting of the AFL-CIO Executive Council, Meany wound up an acid review of labor's 1966 political disappointments with a flat declaration that it could get along quite well "without the Democrats and without the Republicans." That sounded for a minute like the prelude to formation of an independent Labor Party on the British model, but Meany lost no time in making clear that was not what he had in mind—at least not yet.

As he defined it, his idea was that unions could make their own way politically by being "choosy where we spend our money." He rejected the notion that labor had no option except to depend on the Democrats for political handouts. "Some of the Democrats seem to feel that we've got to go along with them, that we've got no other place to go," Meany said. "But if to go along with them means we go along with the Eastlands, the Sparkmans, the Herman Talmadges, Holland, Ellender, etc., we've always gone along without them. I don't buy the idea that we have to toady behind any political party."

BEFORE looking deeper into this proclamation of political emancipation, it is worthwhile to examine how much validity there is to labor's current complaints. On the guideposts, there is a good deal. The concept underlying these wage-price regulators remains sound, but it was always questionable that they could be made to work without excessive rigidity or unfairness. Labor has strong grounds for feeling that their application is hurtful to unions in a period when they are having a hard enough time demonstrating that they have not run out of function.

The guideposts were introduced in the 1962 report of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, with the expressed hope that they would spur widespread discussion of what standards the public could apply to judge whether wage-price decisions in major industries were "in the national interest." Since then, unratified by anyone, the guideposts have become institutionalized as the measuring rod of labor-management responsibility. Their fundamental tenet is that price stability can best be maintained by gearing total wage increases to the over-all increases in the productivity of American industry.

That idea was not invented by President Kennedy or by Walter W. Heller, his chief economic adviser, or even by that most active of activists, Arthur J. Goldberg, then Secretary of Labor. It got its first important acceptance in collective bargaining in 1948 when Charles E. Wilson, as president of General Motors, broached it as a means of giving workers and consumers a direct stake in expanded industrial efficiency; every Big Three auto contract since

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then has embodied this "progress-sharing" principle. The anti-inflation preachments of President Eisenhower leaned heavily on the doctrine that keeping pay and productivity in balance was the only dependable safeguard against a price spiral; all that Kennedy did was to turn a sermon into a formula.

Neither he nor anyone around him intended the formula to become a straitjacket into which every individual corporate and union decision would have to fit. On the contrary, the 1962 report accented the importance of encouraging maximum flexibility at the bargining table to take account of the distinctive problems in each industry. Employers with labor shortages and low wage scales were advised to exceed the productivity yardstick on higher wages; those with an ample labor supply and high scales were urged to do the opposite.

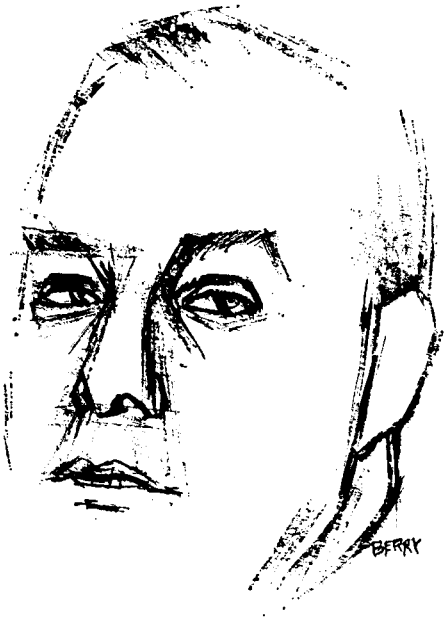
Thus the guideposts left plenty of room for correcting inequities and even for changing the division of the economic pie between labor and capital so long as the bill was not passed on to the rest of the economy in the form of higher prices. In general, the CEA urged price cuts where productivity or profits were high as a counterweight to any price increases that might have to be made in low-productivity fields.

Whether the necessary elasticity ever could have been maintained in such a system of voluntary restraints is doubtful, but whatever chance might otherwise have existed evaporated when President Kennedy collided with the steel industry over prices in April, 1962. After that crackdown the White House had to give earnest after earnest of its intention to be as resolute in defending the public interest against union excesses as it had been in running a bulldozer over Big Steel.

Sacrosanct 3.2

The result was the translation of the formula into a precise figure of 3.2 per cent, which miraculously became the touchstone of equity under any and all circumstances. That is, it became the magic number for all industries big enough to be visible from the portico of the White House. Such highly spotlighted national negotiations as those in steel, autos, aluminum, railroads, and shipping had to pass scrutiny on how well or poorly they conformed to the guideposts.

No comparable inhibition restrained unions in industries like construction and trucking, where settlements often have a much more direct impact on living costs than those in mass production. These unions do much of their negotiating on a local or regional basis and thumb their nose at the productivity standard. Yet, even with all the fat contracts the building-trades unions and the Teamsters have dragged through this side door, and the over-ceiling raises other powerful unions have obtained from corporate giants, improvements in the total wage level



have barely kept up with rising productivity in the five years of the Kennedy-Johnson boom.

Indeed, the best available Federal statistics indicate that in manufacturing and most other major sectors, the average pay increase has fallen short of the 3.2 per cent annual measure. The CEA itself acknowledges in its 1966 report that "Wage movements of recent years must clearly be characterized as moderate." This is not to say that workers in the basic industries are suffering; the consistent availability of overtime work at premium pay, especially in autos and steel, has more than made up for any lag in basic hourly rates. The real shutouts, as usual, have been workers in the traditionally low-wage fields, where union organization is spotty, runaway competition keen, and skill requirements minimal.

The union complaint against the restrictive effect of the guideposts is heightened by the omission from the 3.2 per cent barometer of any allowance for the erosion that rising prices have inflicted on pay checks. The increase of one and a half to two per cent a year in the consumer price index has made a mirage of half of the increase in purchasing power the productivity formula is supposed to assure the workers.

The difficulty, of course, is that any adjustment the CEA might authorize to offset the shrinkage in the dollar and thus provide a "real" increase of 3.2 per cent would itself contribute to more inflation. It is the same dilemma that brought wage-escalator clauses (under which pay rates automatically rise or fall with the price index) into economic disfavor in the Eisenhower era. The steel industry finally got rid of its escalator in 1960 on the ground that it had become a generator, rather than a corrective, of the inflationary spiral.

Gripes and Pinches

Labor has two other big gripes against the guideposts. The first is that they operate to hold down wages while profits are allowed to soar unchecked. The other is that the formula itself was changed this year—without any semblance of collective bargaining—to rule out what should have been an automatic advance of 3.6 per cent instead of 3.2. The CEA merely decreed that 3.2 per cent was more reflective of the rate at which efficiency is likely to rise this year than the 3.6 improvement average for the last five years. The President agreed, and labor decided it had to hit the ceiling—and go through it.

The second complaint might have been less virulent if the spectacular rise in corporate earnings had not made labor's sensibilities so touchy about the first. Industrial profits after taxes have gone up five times as fast as average factory wages in the New Frontier-Great Society period. It is true that since profits started at a relatively depressed level and since they always fluctuate with

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the ups and downs of the business cycle in a way that wages don't, such a comparison does not really tell very much about how equitably the fruits of prosperity are being divided. Nevertheless, even a labor movement that often outdoes the United States Chamber of Commerce in extolling free enterprise has found it hard to remain mute while returns for investors race from one Himalayan peak to a still higher one. Thus, when General Motors reported pre-tax earnings last year of $4.1 billion and after-tax earnings of $2.1 billion, the labor press promptly informed union members that a G.M. worker would have had to earn $8,000 a year for more than half a million years to make as much as the company did before the tax collectors put in their bill.

The CEA recognized from the outset that voluntary wage limits would be vulnerable if the principal result of sitting on pay envelopes was to enrich corporate treasuries. In its 1964 report, with the recovery well advanced and profits shooting skyward, the Council underscored its initial suggestion that price reductions be used as a device for moderating profits and cutting the consumer in on productivity's blessings. It noted dourly that "large industrial enterprises thus far have not widely heeded this advice" and it warned that the resulting pile-up of profits was liable to constitute a lure for strongly intensified wage demands.

ACCURATE as that warning has proved, it is only fair to point out the complexities that a giant corporation like General Motors would have faced if it sought to reduce the embarrassingly high level of its profits by giving its workers more or charging its customers less. The last Big Three auto settlement, under a pattern initiated by Chrysler, called for package increases substantially above the 3.2 per cent figure. If G.M. had gone higher still, its action would not only have pushed up the ante for all American employers but would also have enabled it to pirate skilled labor from its automotive competitors in a time of incipient labor scarcity.

Lower prices for G.M. cars probably would have proved even more dislocative in their impact on Ford and Chrysler. Certainly American Motors, already on the ragged edge, would have been hard pressed to match the cuts. Even putting more money into G.M. safety or quality would reflect itself in greater dominance over its market by this biggest manufacturing enterprise.

It is precisely because union leaders are aware of the difficulties in-

herent in any attempt at profit control that they have been so bitter at the administration's decision to keep the wage lid at 3.2 per cent this year when adherence to its own original standards would have pushed the figure up to 3.6 per cent. The technical reasons for the decision are too intricate to warrant rehearsal here, except to say that a strong economic argument can be advanced for what the White House did. But it is inescapable that the galling effect for labor was to deny it more *Lebensraum* on wages while the rich got richer without restraint.

THE PINCH of the formula will be felt particularly now because employers, especially those in industries requiring a high proportion of skilled employes, are worried about holding their help. They are amenable to jacking up wages to attract more workers, and unions that fail to press for increases well above the LBJ standard may find the rank and file taking command through wildcat strikes and the rejection of negotiated settlements. This already has emerged as an internal union problem in Midwest metalworking industries, where the manpower shortage is most acute.

The upshot has been a flat notice to the President by Meany and the rest of the AFL-CIO high command that the economy needs "a rapid restoration of balance between business profits and workers' buying power, rather than an increasingly unbalanced lag of wages and salaries behind profits and dividends."

The clincher in this warning that labor no longer intends to countenance the guideposts is apt to prove even less welcome at the White House. It pledges labor's support if the President certifies the existence of a national emergency requiring formal controls over prices, profits, dividends, executive salaries, bonuses, and stock options as well as wages. So far there has been no official response to this "equality of sacrifice" proposal.

Interestingly enough, while labor is declaring war on the administration's method of keeping wages in bounds, industry seems to have found a sophisticated and pragmatic way to coexist with the guideposts on the price side. The philosophic objections by top industrialists remain as vocal as ever, but they now shun dramatic confrontations of the type that produced the 1962 steel crisis. The current strategy is to make the White House an ally, rather than a foe, by submitting proposed increases for advance inspection by the CEA.

By way of making sure that the CEA will not gag at the proposals, the steel companies—with U.S. Steel in the vanguard—have coupled selective increases with downward revisions in a mixture so baffling that for weeks no one can tell precisely the end effect on the total price list. Quiet missionary work by the administration resulted in a rollback of higher cigarette prices by R. J. Reynolds, and there is reason to suspect Washington had a hand in persuading newsprint makers to cut in half an announced price rise of $10 a ton. These evidences of industry co-operation in fighting inflation coincided with a reverse demonstration by Pete Weber, who

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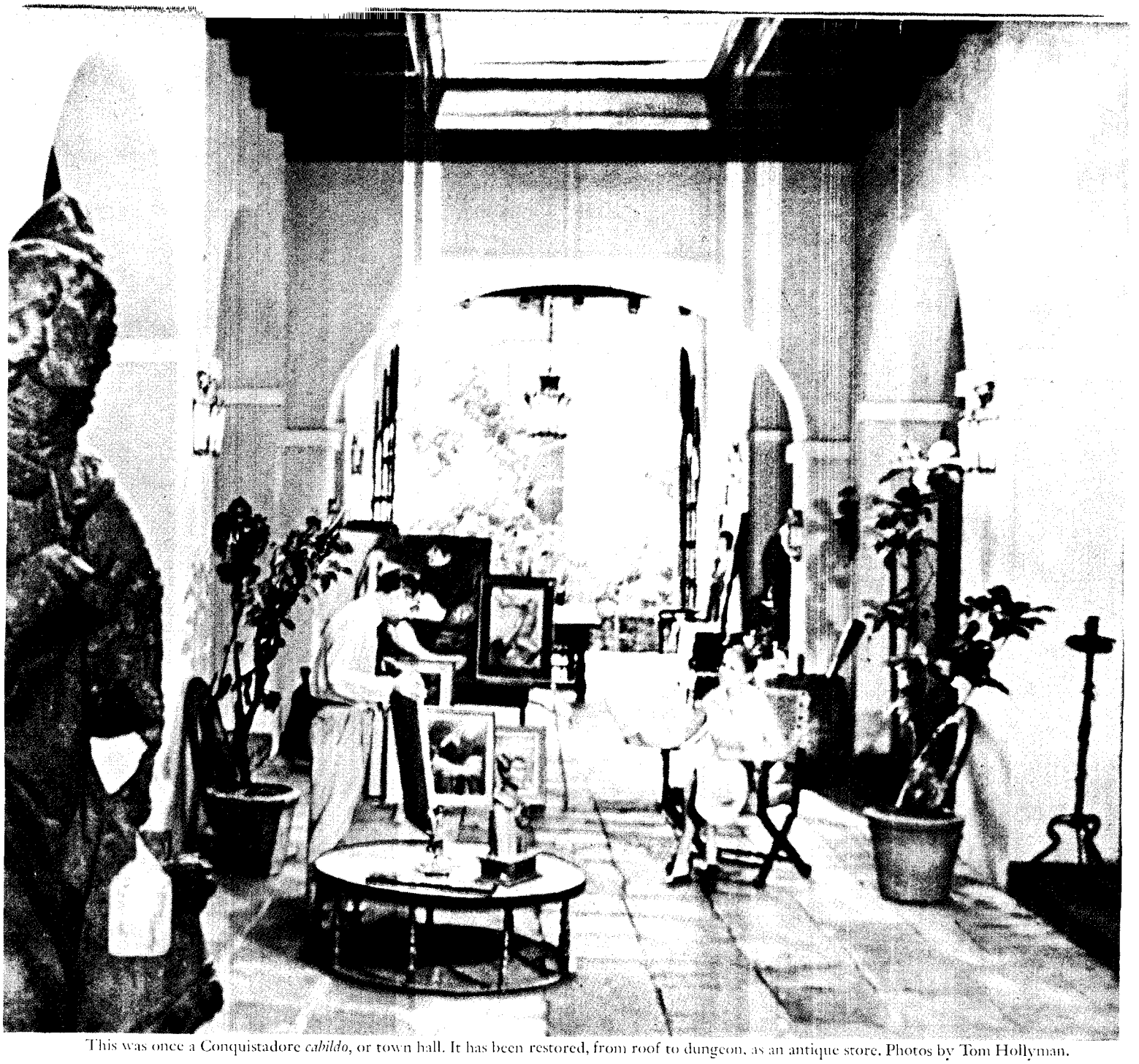

This was once a Conquistadore *cabildo*, or town hall. It has been restored, from roof to dungeon, as an antique store. Photos by Tom Hollyman.

Something beautiful is happening to Old San Juan

The people of Puerto Rico are restoring this historic American city brick by brick, beam by beam and balcony by balcony. Today, Old San Juan is beginning to look like a brand-new 18th-century city.

Its cathedral is older than St. Paul's in London. Its governor's mansion is older than Versailles. Its fortress was repelling the English and Dutch long before Louis XIV built Versailles.

But Old San Juan was beginning to feel its age. Paint was peeling, balconies were teetering.

Then a few years ago, an old Spanish town house was restored to its original elegance, and turned into a museum for rare books. Next, a 300-year-old convent became a luxury hotel. And suddenly, the rejuvenation of the aristocratic old city was under way.

The people of Old San Juan are painstakingly restoring town houses and transforming them into antique stores, art galleries, shops, restaurants – even night spots. Or they are restoring them as dream homes with patios, balconies, elegant arches and ceilings beamed with ancient ironwood.

Authentic replica

Puerto Rico's Institute of Culture guides the owners by digging out original plans, and by advising on authentic furniture and décor. Someday, Old San Juan will be virtually a brand-new 18th-century city, but already there are hints of the elegant replica to come.

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Corner of *La Casa del Arte*, one of many new art galleries and museums which find ideal settings in the city's restored town houses.

Typical exterior of restored town houses, which have become dream homes for writers, artists, musicians, executives and expatriates.

Hotel El Convento, above, was once a convent. Here you see the Ponce de León Room, decked out with tapestries, chandeliers and furniture from Spain. Some restored town houses are now night spots. Below, Las Cuevas d'Altimira.

As you walk past the "new" buildings, you soon become aware of the vigorous new spirit of Puerto Rico. Here is an island creating whole new industries so that it can have new homes, new schools, a higher standard of living.

Yet as it pulls itself up by its bootstraps, this young Commonwealth still cherishes its heritage. The restoration of Old San Juan is a noble example.

This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic and cultural development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for facts on productivity, profits and incentives, to Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. CE5, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, 10019.

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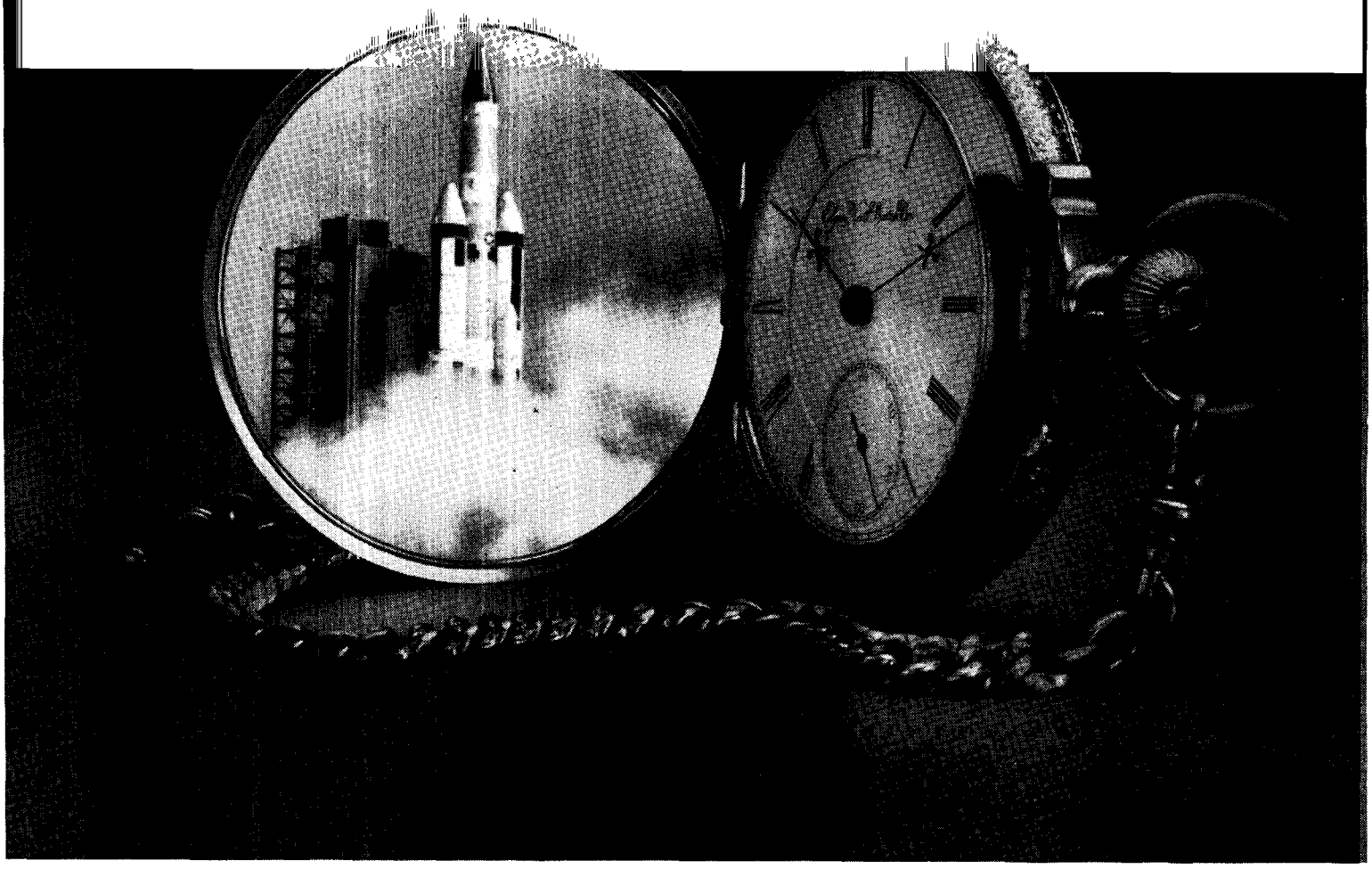

What's old-fashioned about the rocket business?

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We're not talking about the hardware we build. Matter of fact, United Technology Center is well-known for some of the most advanced equipment extant.

For instance, there's our Stage Zero which is ready to do for you what it's done for the USAF's Titan III-C.

Stage Zero is built around two mighty 120″ segmented solid propellant boosters. Three times it has provided Titan III-C with a 29-mile high, 3,600 mph head start. There have never been any malfunctions or aborts attributable to the Stage Zero system.

But, as up-to-the-minute as we are with our equipment, we still have some old-fashioned notions.

Like economy. And pride of workmanship. And teamwork. And the value of experience. Combined, these old-fashioned ideas mean reliable rocket boosters at a realistic cost.

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succeeded Joey Fay as head of the Operating Engineers in northern New Jersey. Weber, whose members now get well over $6 an hour, negotiated a contract providing increases of 7.5 to 9 per cent a year. When the CEA called him in to protest, he reopened the contract—to demand a still higher increase.

Durable 14(b)

On the Congressional front, the great letdown for the unions came with the administration's surrender to Senator Dirksen on repeal of the "right-to-work" section of the Taft-Hartley Act. The bill to knock out Section 14(b) and thus strip the states of their present authority to outlaw the union shop was the first purely labor measure on the AFL-CIO "must" list since President Kennedy's inauguration.

Until last year, unions had put all bread-and-butter bills in a secondary category and concentrated their lobbying on the bills for which the White House wanted priority in the general interest. The Federation overrode its own protectionist elements to back the Trade Expansion Act. Next it went all out for the Kennedy-Johnson tax cut, even though all of labor's favored ideas on closing tax loopholes and on preventing a major share of the reductions from going to corporations and millionaires quickly went into the ashcan. Finally, it brushed aside the reservations of Jim Crow unions and fought for an even stronger Civil Rights Act than the administration had originally recommended.

When the House of Representatives voted to repeal Section 14(b) last July, labor foresaw an easy triumph in the Senate. Relations with the White House were more cordial than they had been under Kennedy, Truman, or FDR. In fact, Johnson was telling his intimates that there were no two men in Washington he could trust so completely as Meany and Andrew J. Biemiller, the AFL-CIO's chief legislative representative. The President invited them both to fly out to the Truman Library in Independence, Missouri, in *Air Force 1* so they could be with him when he signed the Medicare bill.

A chill began to descend over the relationship when a Dirksen-engineered filibuster prevented the "right-to-work" repealer from coming to a vote last year. But the session had been so full of Great Society accomplishments that labor could forgive Johnson for not wanting to do any more arm twisting. Its forbearance gave out this year when the administration put up only token resistance to a Dirksen repeat performance. The unions were irked most by the evidence of two test votes that they had enough support to get the measure through the Senate if they could ever get a majority decision on the merits. But the two-thirds margin needed to stifle the filibuster was obviously unobtainable, and the administration meekly folded its tent.

Labor's next run-in with the White House was over liberalization of the Federal minimum wage of $1.25 an hour. The unions have set $2 as their idea of an appropriate wage floor, but they were willing to compromise on a three-step rise to $1.75. The CEA took the view that the 3.2 per cent anti-inflation standard ought to govern improvements in the minimum; otherwise a rise would jeopardize price stability by unsettling wage relationships all the way up the economic ladder. A meeting between Meany and the President finally brought a compromise, under which LBJ said he would not veto a bill that pushed the bottom wage up to $1.40 next February 1 and $1.60 a year after that. But he left it up to labor's lobbyists to muster the necessary votes on Capitol Hill.

Who'll Offer a Choice?

Will the product of all this bickering be a decision by the AFL-CIO to sit on its hands in the November election? The best answer was undoubtedly provided by Meany himself at the December convention. He made it clear that he could see no excuse for the 14(b) repealer failing to pass if labor's friends in the Senate worked as hard for it as labor had worked for them. But he added that he knew of "no more foolish and dangerous nonsense" than the idea that union members should express their resentment against such a failure by pulling out of labor's political-action programs. To do so, he said, would be to give labor's enemies a double victory, eliminating the unions "as an effective force in American political life."

Meany's tone had changed a good deal by the time he got to Florida after the filibuster had won and the guideposts had been juggled to labor's displeasure. But the logic is still the same; politics remains too basic a determinant of labor's welfare for it to go fishing at election time. The real question is whether the Republicans will ever provide it with a genuine choice—and that doesn't mean Goldwater. One man who appears to be trying is Governor Rockefeller in New York, who beat the Democrats to the punch by proposing a faster step-up in the New York wage floor than ever came out of Washington horse trading. But Rockefeller's wooing of the labor vote is not the conventional Republican style. So the virtual certainty is that once again the vast bulk of labor's endorsements and campaign cash will go to Democrats. Even if there were any real sentiment for an independent Labor Party—which there isn't—unions are so estranged from most of the liberal-left movements these days that nothing approaching a coalition is possible. For all their current frustration, the unions have become too integral an adjunct of the American Establishment (Democratic Branch) to play any vanguard role in effecting a basic political realignment, much less an upheaval.

The place where their unhappiness will express itself most is in more pressure and more strikes for that oldest of union goals—"more." The sad part is that each such strike, particularly where a key industry or a vital municipal agency is shut down, will simply alienate a few more of labor's old supporters and leave it more isolated as a political force. The productivity yardstick, despite the patent inequity with which it has operated, remains a better protection against inflation than a dreary resumption of the wage-price leapfrog that did so much to cheapen the dollar after the Second World War. Neither workers nor the rest of the community gain when higher wages are eaten up by still higher prices. The administration will have to use something more than warmed-over admonitions from the Eisenhower days if this floodgate of inflation is to stay shut.

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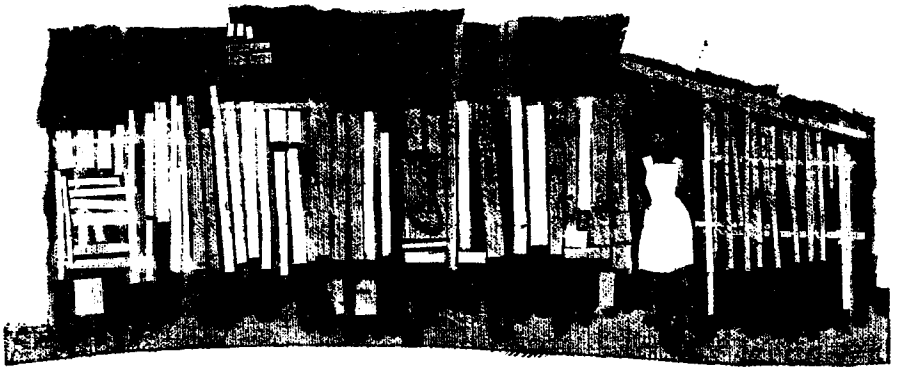

Togetherness In Central America

GLADYS DELMAS

MEXICO CITY

THE SEAL of Guatemala bears five sprigs of coffee leaves, those of Nicaragua and El Salvador five volcanoes, the flags of Honduras and Costa Rica five stars—all representing the five states of Central America. These symbols of union have been sheer hyperbole since the Federal Republic of the United Provinces of Central America, heir to the Spanish Captaincy General of Guatemala, dissolved in blood in 1838. Various political attempts at reunion in the ensuing century and a quarter have proved abortive: too often they were prompted by a dictator's desire for a friendly government on his borders. The urge toward reunion has nevertheless burned for a hundred years.

Politically, a Republic of Central America is still only a gleam in the eye; but economically it has become almost an accomplished fact since the establishment of the Central American Common Market (CACM). Since the General Treaty on Central American Economic Integration went into effect in 1961, trade between the five states has increased fourfold. It grew from 7.5 per cent of total exports in 1960 to nearly twenty per cent today. More important, the prospect of a larger market has greatly stimulated investment. Dozens of American companies have set up new plants or enlarged old ones in Central America. The Japanese are coming in force, as are the British, Germans, and Dutch. Central Americans themselves are investing in their own countries instead of sending their money abroad. Industry at home, often in joint ventures with foreigners, now provides a quicker way to get rich. As a result, during the 1960's the regional economy has been growing at an average annual rate of six per cent, compared with 4.5 per cent in the 1950's.

But it is not only in statistics that one can measure the impact of economic integration. There is a new spirit of enterprise—and a feeling of pride—in these previously somnolent countries once dedicated almost entirely to the production of coffee, bananas, cotton, and sugar. Central American pride stems not only from the response to a new idea but from the sense that the idea itself was theirs. Far from being a program imported from Washington with trimmings of aid, it grew almost unnoticed by the United States over a period of nearly ten years from a network of bilateral treaties intended to free particular products of which one country or another had a surplus. The concept of a common market was already in the background, first propounded in 1948 by Dr. Raúl Prebisch, then head of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America (ECLA), and not particularly in the good graces of the United States because of his *dirigiste* views. Interest in it spread to a group of Central American economists. Preliminary studies were made, contacts established, and a climate created.

Step by Step

The first concrete step toward the establishment of a common market was taken in 1958 when a Multilateral Treaty on Free Trade and Central American Economic Integration was signed at Tegucigalpa, Honduras. The treaty set up a customs union to be arrived at in ten years, and established free trade within the area for a specified list of articles. In order to persuade the weaker states, and particularly Honduras, to join, the experts came up with the idea of "integration" industries to manufacture for the whole area products that had had to be imported until that time. These were to be allotted one to each state, would immediately enjoy tariff protection, preferential duties on imports of machinery and raw materials, and free trade, on condition that they maintain certain standards of quality at a fair price and in sufficient quantity. In the minds of the planners, these industries were to be of a size that would have been uneconomic in any of the small national markets; their monopolistic aspects were adopted to prevent duplication and the squandering of scarce resources.

The next step toward a common market went much further. In February, 1960, the Presidents of Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador met in the village of El Poy at the junction of their three countries and agreed upon a Treaty of Economic Association that simply turned upside down the provisions of the previous treaty. Instead of a small list of products enjoying free trade, all articles except a small list of exceptions were freed. The burden of proof thus no longer fell on the bureaucracies but on those most concerned and best informed—the entrepreneurs themselves. Furthermore, a time limit was built into the treaty. By June of this year, all but two per cent of intraregional trade will be completely free. (The main exceptions are oil, sugar, and coffee —oil because each of the five countries has its own refinery, a status symbol; sugar and coffee because in-

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ternational quotas are jealously guarded.) This has made the system economically irreversible and politically immune. "I'm not sure the three Presidents realized exactly what they were signing," one of the architects of the treaty told me. "They may have thought it was just another declaration of Central American unity." In December of that same year, the Economic Ministers of Guatemala, Honduras, and El Salvador were joined by the Nicaraguan minister in a meeting at Managua. There they signed the General Treaty on Central American Economic Integration, now the basic document governing the Common Market. Costa Rica hesitated for nearly three years before finally joining in September, 1963. The door remains open for Panama, but with its canal-centered economy and its free-port privileges, it does not lend itself so easily to integration.

IF THE UNITED STATES came late into Central American economic affairs, it has since given its enthusiastic support. In 1962 a Regional Office for Central America and Panama (ROCAP) was set up for liaison with the institutions of the CACM and to administer AID funds in support of regional integration, and has established a warm and close relationship with them. "These young Central American economists could hold their own anywhere," one U.S. official said. Even unbending opposition to the monopolistic aspects of the integration-industry concept has not soured the U.S.-Central American relationship. Indeed, the Central Americans hope to see ROCAP acquire greater authority than the national Agency for International Development missions, since ROCAP emphasizes regional development. "Some of these AID national development projects run counter to our own," the Central Americans say, "or at least they disturb our order of priorities."

The regional organizations have been an important factor in the success of the Common Market. Their keystone is the Secretariat—known as SIECA—created by the General Treaty to serve the two councils charged with executing the treaty. One council, composed of the Economic Ministers, meets at least half a dozen times a year; the other, composed of their deputies, meets much more frequently. Their frequent meetings have played an important part in the dynamics of integration. (The Latin-American Free Trade Association [LAFTA], which includes eight South American nations and Mexico, has no such mechanism and has bogged down in petty bickering.) Equally important has been the role of the Secretariat, which by its constant production of well-documented and forward-looking position papers has often made policy as much as implemented it.

There are also a planning commission and a technical research institute, as well as a host of others. Most important from a practical point of view are the Central American Bank for Economic Integration and a Central American Clearing House. The latter uses an imaginary Central American peso, at par with the U.S. dollar, for its transactions. The region has enjoyed monetary stability for some time—the stability of poverty, it is sometimes said. The Central American Bank has resources of about $100 million, of which the greater part comes from the United States, earmarked for various regional purposes. Nearly seventy per cent of its loans so far have been for private industry, but officials say the pattern will change shortly as the governments come forward with projects that can qualify as integrationist. Its department of industrial development is a main source of economic intelligence in an area hitherto distinguished by doubtful statistics and business secretiveness.

While the Central American Common Market is undoubtedly the creation of the bureaucracy, private enterprise is enthusiastically co-operating. There are Central American chambers of commerce and industry, regional associations of private banks, newspaper publishers, doctors—and even volunteer firemen. The Central American Institute of Business Management, founded by businessmen, offers training for future executives with the help of Harvard's School of Business Administration.

Keeping Up with the Economists

It is significant that the most active and effective of these regional bodies are those concerned with economics, although the political organization, a sort of miniature Organization of American States known as ODECA, dates back to 1951. Under its auspices, the five Foreign Ministers have met sporadically, usually to indulge in rhetoric about "the soul of Central America." Their main accomplishment has been to abolish visas for nationals traveling from one country to another within the area. Recently, however, ODECA has shown more life. Commissions are working on regional co-ordination of labor laws,

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social security, health, and the promotion of tourism. A free-textbook program for primary grades is well under way; the textbooks, although printed separately, are to be the same for all five countries.

This new political impulse toward integration is attributed by the irreverent to the Foreign Ministers' jealousy of their colleagues in economics who have been grabbing so much of the limelight lately. But as economic integration becomes more complex, political decisions will be needed to keep it going. Indeed, although this first stage has been startlingly successful, the really difficult part lies ahead.

One of the main problems is how to achieve balanced development among the five countries in order to prevent two or three from reaping the major benefits. At present the chief beneficiaries appear to be Guatemala, Nicaragua, and particularly El Salvador. Costa Rica came in late, and the eruption of the volcano Irazú disrupted its economy for two years thereafter. But it is Honduras, as the poorest and most backward of the five, that feels left out in the cold. A vast empty country with practically no roads or any of the infrastructure necessary for industry, Honduras has more illiterates than the others, and its small elite has been constantly drained by political exile.

Two devices for equalization are built into the Central American Common Market: the integration industry and an agreement on similar fiscal incentives to industry. This last Honduras has not yet ratified: it wants to be able to offer greater inducements than the others. The Ministers of Economy in January of this year agreed, but also respectfully asked Honduras to get on with other legal procedures so as to tidy up the CACM structure. At the same time, they asked the Central American Bank to give priority to Honduran projects and offered technical assistance.

There are other heartening examples of how the five are looking at development from a regional rather than a narrowly national basis. When President Kennedy visited Central America in 1963, he proposed that a fund be put at the disposal of the Central American Bank for the "infrastructure of integration." The United States has contributed $35 million and each country an additional $1.4 million. They themselves decided to give priority to roads—connecting roads rather

than those that would open up their own virgin lands. And Honduras, because of its greater need, will get more than its share of these funds. The other four are thus channeling not only American munificence toward a weaker partner but part of their own contribution as well.

And yet, no utopian idea exists that all five must immediately arrive at the same level. As Carlos M. Castillo, director of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America's office in Mexico, has said: "A policy of balance is that in which the five countries organize and cooperate among themselves to overcome the chief difficulties standing in the way of the development of each, be it overpopulation in El Salvador, lack of transportation and port facilities in Honduras, or the need for industrial investment in Nicaragua. This is what each country needs, in addition to its own hard work—and no more."

Sore Points

The integration industry on which Honduras originally counted to assure it a share in regional prosperity remains a sore point. The United States, with its anti-monopoly credo, has instructed the Central American Bank that no U.S. funds are to be used to finance such industries. Only two are actually under way: a tire plant in Guatemala and a caustic soda and insecticide plant in Nicaragua. Honduras has had trouble in deciding what it should ask for. At one point, shoe polish was considered—an idea with little future until more Central Americans can afford shoes. An industry for production of flat glass has been approved, but in view of the state of Honduran roads, breakage threatens to be considerable.

Still, in spite of the slight success of the integration-industry concept, Central Americans cling to it. It is their own, and a popular notion is that the United States opposes it not entirely on anti-trust principles but out of fear that cheap Central American labor working in modern plants could produce competitive products for the world markets. Others reproach us for being too rigid in our thinking, wanting to apply to developing areas ideas that are chiefly applicable to developed ones. In any case, Central Americans are pragmatists and have devised a way to bypass U.S. objections and also those of El Salvador, which as the most dynamic of the five does not see much advantage in monopoly either. Through this special arrangement, they grant a protective tariff and other privileges as soon as a company shows that it can supply fifty per cent of the market, with acceptable standards of quality and price. This is a reversal of the original process: instead of five governments creating a monopoly, the individual businessman decides he can make one *de facto*.

A related problem is the proliferation and duplication of small industries, particularly assembly plants. Already there are signs of private cartel arrangements to protect a home market. Honduran beer, for instance, considered the best in the area, used to be available in Guatemala—until new breweries sprang up there. The Central American General Treaty, unlike the Treaty of Rome, has no anti-cartel clauses; in the present state of economic intelligence they will be difficult to devise.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY is that the boom so far has been entirely industrial. Agriculture, the mainstay of all five economies, has received little attention and no co-ordination of policy. (The five, in fact, fought bitterly last year over their respective coffee quotas.) The overwhelm-

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ing part of agricultural production (coffee, bananas, sugar, cotton, and recently beef) is for export. The region imports a substantial part of its food, although the soil is one of the richest in the world, and the climate, from lowlands to highlands, ranges from tropical to temperate. As the industrial population grows, more food for home consumption must be produced. Traditionally this has come from small peasant plots. Agrarian reform is hardly mentioned since there is a general understanding that the export income derived from the big plantations is a necessary motor of the development process. But without upsetting the applecart there is increasing concern to diversify crops and to process agricultural products. However, each country has a program aiming at agricultural self-sufficiency; there has so far been no attempt at specialization or complementation—although food has been one of the most important items of intraregional trade.

The big problem, however, even from a narrow business point of view, remains social. Of the twelve million people in the area, only a third at most participate in the money economy, which makes the total number of consumers hardly greater than the population of the San Francisco Bay area. Except in Costa Rica, approximately two-thirds of the people are illiterate, and one per cent of the population—again except for Costa Rica—absorbs a quarter of the national income. These inequities are not new; they have been deplored for generations. What is new is the economic impulse to change them. Growing industries have a very immediate interest in a growing internal market—a market the existing plantation economy could afford to ignore.

Today industrial development through the Common Market presents the politicians—and the military—with a new alternative in a region famous for its political upheavals. In El Salvador, for instance, traditionally in the grip of a few wealthy families to whom the middle-class military were subservient because they had no choice, the administration of Colonel Julio Rivera has found in the CACM a broader base and a means to start a gradual transformation of the social structure. As economies become more sophisticated, as the business climate becomes as important as the sun and the rain, there is less patience with old-line squabbles about personality and patronage.

Hitching onto Success

The achievement of the Central American Common Market is being felt beyond its borders and has provoked some shamefaced comments among the nine big Latin-American nations whose attempts to form a free-trade area are proceeding much more sluggishly. "If the little fellows can do it, why can't we?" asks a LAFTA official. "Look at the profit they're reaping."

Several Latin-American countries, notably Venezuela and Colombia, are investigating ways and means of hitching onto this success. Mexico has gone further than any of the others. It has proclaimed 1966 the "Year of Central American Friendship," and in January President Díaz Ordaz made state visits to all five CACM countries and to Panama, seeking economic ties as well as friendship. The relationship between Mexico and the Central American countries is less than clear, however. The detachment of Chiapas, now Mexico's southernmost state, has no more been forgotten in Guatemala than that of Texas in Mexico. Mexico's political position—opposition to military dictatorships and to the Inter-American Peace Force in the Dominican Republic, as well as its relations with Cuba—differs radically from that of the Central American governments. Furthermore, its trade balance is already highly unfavorable to Central America ($12 million in exports versus $0.5 million in imports) and its traditional exports compete with Central America's.

Nevertheless bonds exist and will doubtless increase. Many Central Americans have studied in Mexico. Mexico has, in a modest way, its own Alliance for Progress in the region, sending vaccines, improved seeds, and technical help of various sorts. Several Mexican companies have invested in Central America; Mexico has opened a line of credit with the Clearing House, and a Mexican shipping line has established a regular service with the Pacific ports. President Díaz carried matters a good deal further, with a loan of $5 million to the Central American Bank and an offer to buy a million dollars' worth of bonds as soon as these become available. What has struck Central Americans is that Mexico's terms are more generous than those of the United States: only seventy per cent of the money is tied to purchases in Mexico, while the rest may be spent anywhere; U.S. loans specify that the money must be spent either in the United States or Central America.

Mexico has not offered great sums, of course, but it is the first time one Latin-American nation has come forward to help another. "We do not yet have much capital to export," a Mexican economist said, "but we do have experience in setting up industry in a primitive economy. We understand the problems better than the international giants—and we also talk the language."

Looking farther into the future, Mexico aspires to be the link between Central America and the Latin-American Free Trade Association. How this could come about has not yet been spelled out, but Central America's chief hope of a market for export industry lies within Latin America. Mexico and Central America have the fastest-growing economies in the hemisphere. It is natural that for all their differences and incompatibilities, they should try to get together. After the unforeseen success of the Central American Common Market, no one dares to minimize the possibility of a new economic pattern for the entire region.

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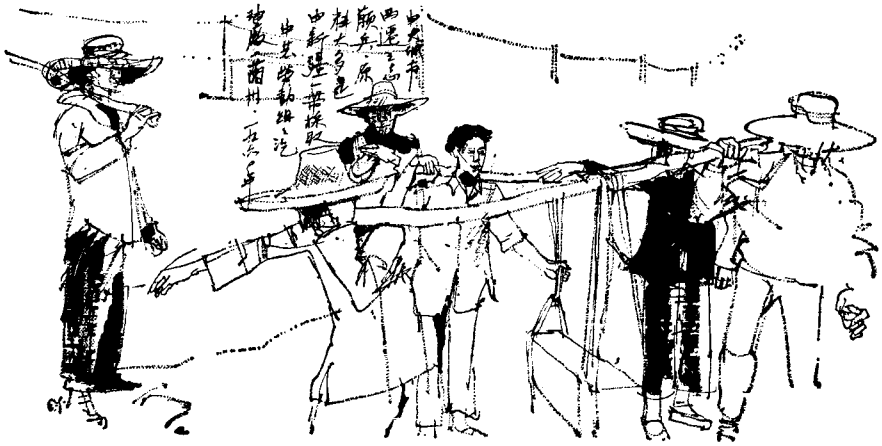

Shanghai's Repentant Capitalists

ROBERT GUILLAIN

Of all the cities open to foreigners, Shanghai (along with Peking) is the best the Chinese have to show. They have not merely touched the place up, they have spent a great deal of energy trying to beautify it. The celebrated Bund, for example, the international Strand of former times, has become a green park. In the old days, the banks of the Whangpoo saw two worlds pass without greeting among the picturesque but noisy confusion of capitalists in their foreign cars and barefoot coolies unloading steamers. Bankers and businessmen leaving the proud buildings that hugged the quays overlooked all the homeless of the harbors, the dockside thieves, the beggars, the poor fishermen living in sampans.

Today, the Bund serves as a thoroughfare and a place to take walks. Everything is orderly and clean. There are benches where one can sit and look at the river. The jade waters bear junks, floats of logs pulled by small craft, and ferries crowded with Chinese. Today, junks without wings outnumber those whose bamboo-ribbed sails looked like the wings of bats—sails have been replaced by the diesel engine.

Nanking Road runs nearby. Once the principal commercial street and center of a famous quarter, it has again achieved great animation on its sidewalks and in numerous shops crowded with buyers. The only thing missing is the traffic of a great city. Except for the buses loading and unloading their crowds, there is almost nothing. Parked cars are almost unknown. Yet the automotive lineup certainly is richer than in either Wuhan or Shenyang. Little three-wheeled trucks and larger ones built in Shanghai pass occasionally. The city must keep them jealously to itself, because they are seen nowhere else.

Although Bubbling Well Road has kept up its buildings dating from the days of capitalism, it has changed its name and the once celebrated Race Course has become a People's Park. When I saw this transformation begin in 1955, I thought that all those beds of roses and banked chrysanthemums would have only an ephemeral existence. Not at all. The park, which fills the oval of the former track, has even more flowers now, and the groves planted at that time have already grown tall. People stroll on shaded paths. They swim in a pool. There is even a man-made stream for canoeing.

On Nanking Road, practically anything one wants is on sale, from a photographic enlarger to a nylon toothbrush, with radios, watches, clothing, and lipstick in between. But who buys lipstick?—I've never seen any lips that were red. As everywhere else in China, there are two price scales: very cheap for necessities and very, very expensive for the rest. But shoppers are many and they're buying. Obviously, "there's money there" and enough of it for purchases that are not utilitarian. A really fine art shop sells painted scrolls, woodcuts, artists' supplies and paper for calligraphy, and books of Chinese art in reproduction.

In Shanghai commerce has been socialized, of course, and all shops belong in one of the following categories: state department stores, cooperative stores or stores with mixed management ("state-private," they're called). For the last year or two, the régime has tried to encourage light industries—after having neglected them—so as to make available a greater variety and quantity of consumer goods.

Another change has taken place since my visit of 1955: heavy industry made up a mere thirteen per cent of Shanghai's production at the beginning of the first Five-Year Plan (1953), I was told by a spokesman for the city government during the regulation introductory briefing; today, it accounts for fifty per cent. Shanghai has built steelworks, chemical plants, and factories for machine tools. The one I visited in Yangpu, with 5,200 workers, manufactures about forty different types of machines; the factory is proudest of its grinding machines, some of which attain very great precision. The stock from which the workshops have been outfitted appears mixed in origin and age, but the factory functions and looks alive.

Shanghai also produces equipment for the mining industry, for steel, and for the manufacture of chemical fertilizers. At the Exhibition Hall (until recently the House of Sino-Soviet Friendship) I was shown the prototypes of machines and installations dating from 1963 and 1964: high-precision lathes, grinding machines, milling machines, vertical lathes for large-dimension work, giant diesel engines, giant compressors, a 25,000-kilowatt turbogenerator made in Minghao. From the Shanghai tractor works were shown a 7-hp. cultivator with a great many uses, a light tractor, a heavy (35-hp.)

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tractor called Good Harvest, made in 1964. Here I saw a truck I'd noticed in the city: four tons, 80-hp. —which gets eleven miles to the gallon.

Up from Humility

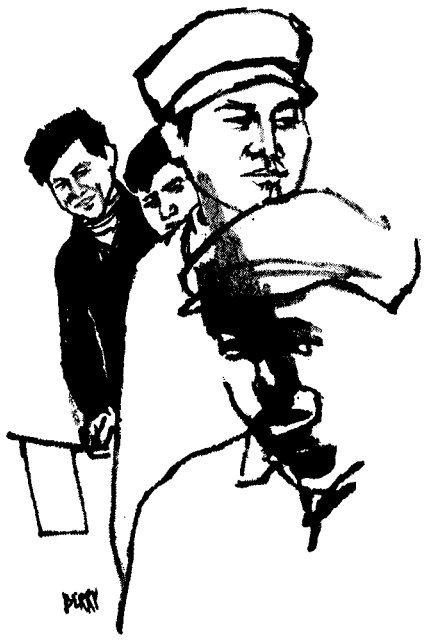
"It was one tour de force after another," they say at Wuching. But surely the greatest feat was the way Shanghai has been able to assert itself, to remain true to its own genius—its mixture of open-mindedness and common sense—even under Communism.

The China that closed itself behind walls and rebelled against the "foreign devils" was not the only China; there was another China, one that followed the example of Japan. Also turned toward the ocean and the outside world, it called for changes and asked for an encounter between East and West. From the turn of the century on, this spirit guaranteed Shanghai's prosperity and gave it a head start on the rest of the country that lasts to this day. If, for example, there is no other city in China that seems laid out according to plan, it is because Shanghai was almost the only one where capable architects worked with good material under strict local legislation.

Today Shanghai tries passionately, in a China liberated from foreign encroachments, to attain once more its place as a modern metropolis. After having been cleansed of all former faults, Shanghai can now give full rein to its many abilities, aided by an experience of modern administrative techniques, economic methods, and technology unequaled in China.

As the base of the imperialists, a capitalist paradise, Shanghai atoned for its sins only by years of suffering and terror. During the first years of the new régime, it underwent a thorough purge of bourgeois and reactionary elements. These campaigns, the "Three Antis" and the "Five Antis," led to many suicides caused by "political desperation." Next followed that difficult period of socialization during which I visited Shanghai in 1955: the craftsmen were forbidden to sell their products, private property was abolished, and the state took over all businesses. Literature and the arts were recast in the Communist mold. At the same time the most important Catholic community in China was deprived of its leaders and placed under the surveillance of the party.

In addition, the régime had decided to displace the country's center of gravity northwestward and westward—to turn its back, so to speak, to the ocean for a time, in order to face Central Asia. The idea was that in so doing China would become more closely connected with the Soviet Union, and the development and peopling of backward regions. The decentralization of industry (which was felt



to be too concentrated in regions vulnerable to attack) would also be stimulated. This new orientation of the country served the malice of the régime very well: here was another means to humble the citizens of Shanghai, still suspect of harboring an incurable nostalgia for capitalism.

But even before the Great Leap Forward was launched in 1958, the planners in Peking began to see that they were injuring themselves when they penalized Shanghai. Besides, the destruction of the former social structure was nearly complete and the resistance of the affected classes was broken. Little by little, the régime and Shanghai—which had been "re-educated" after a fashion —arrived at a separate peace, an understanding based on the advantages to both parties of their collaboration. Thus Shanghai had an important role in the Great Leap Forward and its heavy industry dates from that period.

The crisis of the three black years following the break with the Soviet Union in 1960 gave Shanghai another opportunity to demonstrate its indispensability. Its factories became absolutely essential. It turned out that they had been less hard hit than others by the Soviet defection: more intelligent, experienced men had been in charge and dependence on Russian aid had been less servile. Thus Shanghai was able to recover faster than Wuhan or the towns of the northeast. In 1961-1962 Shanghai's rehabilitation—and revenge—began. Since then Shanghai has come in for preferential treatment. Its plants are cited everywhere as examples. From all over China thousands of workers and engineers come on visits to study methods and organization, to observe the setting up of new industries.

Disciplined but Enthusiastic

Such a reconciliation was worth a few concessions. The most surprising of these, the one which the régime devoted the most publicity to, was the reintegration into the socialist system of a residue of repentant capitalists who had been "converted" into obedient servants of the régime. The state entered into partnership with them, turning their firms into "corporations with mixed capital."

Only theoretically can the state be considered a partner; in reality it is the master. But since the state had need of the capitalists, it made them an offer. In substance, something like this must have been said: "You will continue in our service, and receive more than a simple salary. Interest will continue to be paid on your capital. Refractory capitalists and others we have rejected have lost their civil rights. You retain yours. In exchange you will continue to work and to apply your experience in managing factories and enterprises. And in all things you will behave as good socialists, disciplined but enthusiastic."

One of these converts, Liu Tsing-keu, the director of a large textile

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concern, received me in his home. This visit, of course, was arranged by the authorities in Shanghai. In addition, they recalled (their files are good!) that nine years before I had been introduced to another tame capitalist, so they invited him along to meet me at Liu's.

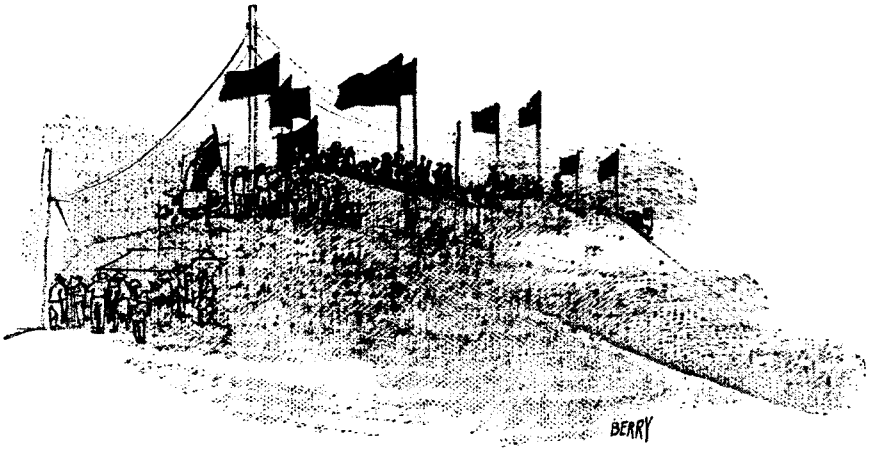
At Liu's, for the first time since I arrived in China, or at least since I left Hong Kong, I was in a house like those I remembered from the old days: a luxurious salon hung with paintings by masters of the Ming dynasty, chairs and couches with silk cushions, waxed parquet floors, and flowers in vases of ancient porcelain. A maid served tea. A chauffeur waited for orders in the garden. In such surroundings, to hear the praises of Communism sung was laughable.

Had his position in the company been downgraded? I asked Liu. "I used to be director, self-appointed. Now I am the director appointed by the state," he said jovially. Had his salary been reduced? "Not at all, the pay is the same: 670 yuan a month" (equivalent to $275), he said, fanning himself with an ivory fan. Had his capital been attacked? "On the contrary, the state has been extremely honest and often very generous too. This vase, for example, which bears a valuation of five in my catalogue, they've assessed at eight, and my factories, reckoned at 3,600,000 yuan on my balance sheet, have been figured at 7,400,000." And his interest? "I receive five per cent in cash and spend it as I please. No deductions. No taxes of any kind."

But of course I was not in the home of just any "convert" to socialism; I had been sent to interview a most unusual subject—a habitual error of the Chinese—a man who managed five textile mills employing more than eleven thousand workers, the president of the Federation of Commercial and Industrial Companies of Shanghai, at the very head of a group of similar repentant capitalists. He was also a delegate to the National Assembly and a member of a party expressly created for him and his kind, the Association for the Democratic Construction of the Fatherland.

In 1955 I refused to take this system of mixed capital seriously. It had just begun and affected only a very small number of concerns. I could believe neither in the régime's sincerity nor the system's durability. But it's still going on and has spread to ninety thousand Shanghai capitalists. Many of these were formerly shopkeepers and have been regrouped into larger outfits, less numerous and more strategically located throughout the city.

An official in Peking told me later that in the whole of China there are about two million capitalists, who receive interest payments fixed by the state. This sum amounts to between 120 and 130 million yuan annually ($49 to $53 million). Of the total only a hundred thousand are "big time." Many of the small fry are not strictly speaking capitalists but retired professors, retired small landowners, etc.



Liu is decidedly "big time." Still jovial and enthusiastic, he described his new life under Communism, and I have to admit that it isn't without a certain piquant quality when one thinks of the way seven hundred million other Chinese live. "Car? One is enough for me," he said. "Clothes? I could have as many suits as I want —but all I need is ten or so. . . . Travel? I've been to the Congress for World Peace, to Vienna, to Moscow. . . . I no longer have any worries about my childen. Every one of them is set for life as an engineer, professor, etc. When I die they will continue to receive my five per cent, and although they cannot inherit the factories they do get the house. In the old days what a torment children were!"

Liu laughs loudly as he conjures up that not so distant past with all its evils. He paints a picture of rich children being kidnapped, seduced by women when they grew up, and ruined by opium soon after. All the while their mother spends a fortune on extravagant *haute couture,* and their father loses a fortune at the gambling table. As though this had been the rule . . . "Oh, life is far better today!" Liu exclaims with the earnest voice of the repentant sinner.

I was flabbergasted. The extraordinary pliability of the Chinese character was certainly the deciding factor in the working agreement made by repentant capital with the régime. Liu himself is an example and a proof. He knows an ancient recipe from the book of Eastern Wisdom: In the face of angry power, behave as in the face of angry nature—and bow. The poor have practiced this forever. Now it is the turn of the rich and they know it very well. So far they have succeeded: a flattened capitalist survives. That this survival continues depends on a corresponding attitude of those in power.

Living Dangerously

Just how long will the capitalist converts continue to clip their coupons? Liu went into this. At the beginning they were told until 1962. Then there was an extension until 1965. And after 1965? Liu indicated his belief that the present deadline will again be moved forward. There was assurance in his voice when he added, "We'll talk it over."

That phrase tells a great deal. Obviously Liu and his fellow capitalists feel themselves to be in a position of power. Their experience and their willingness to collaborate is one trump. They have another:

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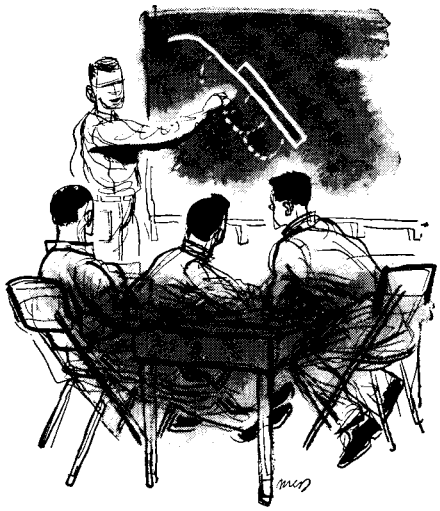
their solidarity, which is reminiscent of Freemasonry. And the rehabilitation of Shanghai, its rise to importance in the eyes of the régime, also gives them an opportunity to make themselves heard. Men from Shanghai have found their way into government everywhere in China. While Canton must take the trouble to speak Mandarin, the dialect of Peking and theoretically the national language, the people of Shanghai are almost alone in being left the use of their native dialect—even in Peking itself.

Here in Shanghai are the exhibits for the revisionist case: the town which is the least severe in its Communism happens to be the most prosperous and smooth-running. If Shanghai can prove its case, the reasoning goes, perhaps the régime will be persuaded to institute a general softening of the party line.

This gambit is skillful but it is also dangerous. Close surveillance continues. The party suspects that the liberal spirit may flare up again in Shanghai after lying some time beneath the ashes. There is still a confluence of many things which cannot help but endow its inhabitants with minds more open than those elsewhere in China: material and intellectual contacts with the West, the presence of a large foreign colony, western science and logic, artists and intellectuals, and the attainment of a certain level of comfort.

THE LEGACY of history as well as the hazards of geography have prevented the régime from eliminating all these influences completely. The mere presence of ninety thousand former capitalists who have survived the defeat of their class is enough to maintain a steady will to revisionism. Not all are as docile as Liu.

Moreover, Shanghai's very success could lead other Chinese to risk the thought that two sorts of Communism are possible: the Shanghai brand, which permits comfort, and the Communism of austerity, which rules practically everywhere else in China. That is a suggestion which Peking will not and cannot tolerate, for many reasons, most importantly because China as a whole cannot afford a way of life that is all the more loathsome for being the way of revisionism.



Where the Pentagon Gets Its Voice

MARTIN F. NOLAN

BACK IN 1946, General Dwight D. Eisenhower, then chief of staff of the U.S. Army, wrote to theater commanders noting that "The Army is being subjected to considerable criticism on its postwar program. This has always been the case following a war and the Army desires to do something about it." He added that "An active public relations program should be carried on in all echelons. . . . A well qualified public relations officer can do much to lessen and counteract adverse criticism."

A day before the general wrote of his concern, the U.S. Army Information School graduated its first class of eighty-two officers, who went forth to lessen and counteract. For two postwar decades, the school, renamed the Defense Information School in 1964, has had the mission "to train officers and enlisted personnel of all services in methods of disseminating information about the services to the service and the general public." That is the definition, at any rate, given in the Standard Operating Procedure (SOP) handed each new enlisted faculty member and "published for the information, guidance, and compliance with [sic] of all enlisted personnel."

For fourteen years, from 1951 until last summer, the school's home was Fort Slocum, New York, originally a Civil War fortress of handsome brick buildings on an eighty-acre island in Long Island Sound. With Madison Avenue seventeen miles away and the surburban pleasures of Westchester County within a ten-minute ferry ride, the post was not only an ideal site for learning the black arts of P.R. but also a dogface's dream—or so I thought in September, 1963, when I arrived, duffel bag in hand, from basic combat training at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

A collegiate atmosphere prevailed, from the ivy that covered the walls where five "departments" were organized to the academic jealousies and politicking of the faculty, as intense as any described in a C. P. Snow novel. The "college president," a colonel, was the commandant, his assistant a lieutenant colonel. The "dean"—the director of instruction—was also a "light colonel" exercising tenuous authority over the department chiefs, most of whom

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were of equal rank. There was also an "educational adviser," a civilian, whose job was to keep the uniformed faculty informed of the latest pedagogical techniques.

THE CONFLICT between military discipline and the frozen-smile approach of P.R., compounded by academic pretense, made life at Fort Slocum alternately amusing and exasperating. At DINFOS (Defense Information School) the battle cry was "Full Disclosure with Minimum Delay." The slogan was omnipresent. "Full disclosure with minimum delay is the basic Army doctrine," we were told in classes on "Policy and Plans." The instructor, a major, spoke earnestly and sincerely: "In all of our dealings concerning the release of external information, we advocate the doctrine of maximum disclosure with minimum delay." Then, with just a trace of nervousness in his earnest smile, he added: "Of course, we also have to face reality."

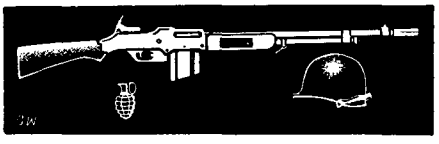
Reality appeared in five "limitations" on the full-disclosure doctrine. One was security in the handling of classified information, a reasonable enough tether. Another was "national policy," a factor of concern to General Curtis LeMay, Major General Edwin Walker, and other "muzzled" military men, but of little bother to students who were lieutenants, sergeants, and privates. A third limitation was called "procedural," involving "level of release." This meant, we were told, that a regimental public-information officer (PIO) had better not release anything in the province of the division's PIO, or that a post PIO shouldn't talk about news that would be released from the Pentagon. A fourth limitation looked suspicious. It encompassed the bounds of "propriety, accuracy, and good taste." "Means just what it says," the instructor said, although we never found out what constituted propriety and good taste until we got to photography class. There we were told never to allow a picture to be taken of an officer holding a cocktail glass, "full or empty," because it would violate propriety and good taste.

The fifth limitation was labeled "commander's policy." "This simply means," the instructor said, "that if your commanding officer tells you not to release something, you don't release it. Believe me, it's the toughest thing you'll have to live with." By the time we reached this limitation, even the densest of us could get the message. So the grand doctrinal design of "maximum disclosure" inevitably descended with each class into Fort Slocum's standing joke of "minimum disclosure with maximum delay."

Comparatively little of the students' time was devoted to the metaphysical exercises of "Policy and Plans." The school's main aim was to teach students how to express themselves clearly, a task hampered by the school's reverence for redundancy. The speech department, for instance, was called "Oral Communications," changed under the efficient McNamara régime to "Research and Oral Communications." When a student was shipped to advanced infantry training because he had cheated, a memo to faculty members explained that the soldier "has been relieved from the Information Specialist Class this date for the use of unauthorized assistance in the preparation of academic matter."

'Anticipate Ahead'

More than half of the DINFOS course was devoted to what the Army called "Applied Journalism"—"the best kind, I always thought," one of my fellow draftees remarked. Possibly because I had been a Boston *Globe* reporter, I was assigned after I had successfully completed the course, still a private, as an instructor in the "AJ" department, which presented more than two hundred hours of journalism to each enlisted class. The first few hours were given over to lectures on "general principles." These were delivered by officers, since enlisted men were ineligible to theorize. (Enlisted instructors occasionally lectured before officer students but never, never graded their papers. Officers were segregated into classrooms where they were taught by fellow officers.) The officers, few of whom had journalistic experience, presented their basic theories in the first few days of the course. Their work was preceded by a tautologically sparkling address of welcome by the mustachioed commandant, since retired. "Your first job—and it is a continuing one—is to always plan in advance. We must anticipate ahead at all times," he exhorted. Then the officers laid down their general principles, including "ten basic elements of news." These elements, treated with all the pedagogical solemnity accorded to chemical elements, would baffle most reporters and enrage city editors. The effect on the students was hypnotic. "Immediacy, Proximity, Consequence, Prominence. . . ." On and on the instructor droned as the students drifted into torpor.



Happily for the morale of the students, they spent most of their time in less formal sessions called newswriting exercises, conducted in miniature city rooms. There they wrote news stories from data sheets given by instructors. The writing was supposed to meet the standards of release for a civilian newspaper or for any post newspaper. The students and instructors were kindred spirits. Some were college graduates; many were college dropouts who had joined the Army "to get it over with." These enlisted students often were better able than our superiors to spot the characters we had written into plots of fictional news stories. Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, with its picture of absurdities in the wartime Army Air Corps, was favorite reading among many students, who were delighted to see the novel's hero turn up in a practice release as Airman First Class Thomas Aquinas Yossarian of Wintergreen, Vermont, "just named Airman of the Month."

INSTRUCTORS in other departments were generally more sober-minded, since they dealt with weightier subjects such as "Policy and Plans," "Research and Oral Communications," and "International Relations and Government." The International Relations teachers were mostly civilian, perhaps in deference to the memory of General Walker's "troop information" indoctrination pro-

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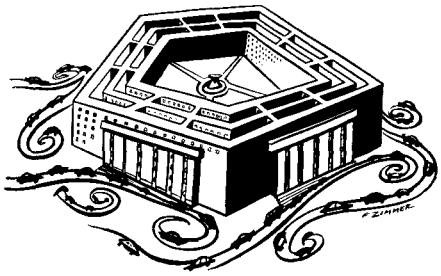
grams. They compressed an almanac of information about America and the world into thirty-three hours, six of them devoted to Communism. This instruction enabled students to give "troop information" lectures about current events in company dayrooms the world over.

The forty-one hours of "Policy and Plans" handled the heavy stuff of "Psychological Warfare" and "Information Support of Cold War Activities." Whereas the International Relations Department approached Communism in a fairly straightforward fashion, the Policy people viewed the problem with considerable alarm. We learned about "defense against psychological warfare" through Ian Fleming acronyms, such as "DIRT"—Division, Indoctrination, Rumor, and Terror —and "SCARS"—Shifting Fronts, Censorship, Association, Repetition, Symbolization. The PIO's job overseas, we learned, "is to project the image of our nation, the U.S. Army, and the American soldier." Another primary responsibility is "to expose the threat of international Communism." The course glossed over information activities in combat, since the Army in Vietnam was then still in its adviser days. We did learn, however, a "Glossary of Counter-insurgency Terms," a glossary expunged from the curriculum when counterinsurgency became a bad word to use about Vietnam. We were also advised on methods of the "Field Press Censorship Unit," a complicated vehicle designed more to confuse the news than to purify it.

Basic instruction at the school was supplemented by the biweekly appearance of guest lecturers. General Eisenhower led a parade of experts in various fields, from George F. Kennan to Francis Cardinal Spellman to Harry Golden. After Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York *Times,* came, he was referred to in school pamphlets as "father and mother of the Army Information School." The arrival of the eminent guest lecturers was always a grand event. An elaborate memorandum outlined duties for each escort officer, who was to "impart information on the school's missions and accomplishments" and "arrange latrine visit, if needed, before meeting with Commandant."

In February, 1964, a lady sociology professor from New England told the class how to use "a community power structure" in community-relations activities. She pointed to a case in a western city where a professor had formed a committee against the installation of missiles between the city limits and a nearby base. "What did the commanding officer of the base do?" the lecturer asked.



"Through his contacts made in clubs and civic organizations of the community, he approached the civic leaders who were trustees of the college, asked them to tell the college president to tell that professor to get out of the newspapers and public forums and get back into the classroom and teach. This was done and the problem was solved."

The Olive Drab Muzzle

The availability of guest speakers was a weapon in the school's own lobbying effort to forestall Secretary McNamara's order to close Fort Slocum and move DINFOS to Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana. But the effort was to no avail. "McNamara thinks this place has been closed for two years," an officer said in despair. Indeed, the Secretary had ordered the post deactivated in 1962, along with several other island outposts along the Eastern seaboard. The move to Indiana, completed last September, was confirmed by Arthur Sylvester—"the Honorable Arthur Sylvester," as the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs was always introduced to us —when he arrived in July, 1964, to inaugurate the Defense Information School.

Sylvester also used the occasion to chew out the school administration and faculty for "not thinking big enough," and ordered more emphasis on magazine writing, as if sergeants and lieutenants could easily burst into mass media by extolling military virtues. Earlier he had ordered more feature-writing exercises, apparently for the same purpose. Under this order, students wrote only one practice news story involving violence—a training accident, referred to by Policy and Plans people as "an unusual incident."

It should be emphasized that most of the students and teachers at DINFOS are honorable and intelligent men, many of whom take their guidance from a forthright directive of May 31, 1961, issued by Secretary McNamara:

"As President Kennedy has observed, the challenge of our times imposes 'two requirements that may seem almost contradictory in tone, but which must be reconciled and fulfilled. . . . the need for far greater public information. . . . the need for far greater official secrecy.' . . . We are under a special obligation to disclose mistakes and ineffective administration and operations. The public has at least as much right to bad news as to good news."

Still, anyone who observes the flow of news from the Pentagon or the training directives at DINFOS must conclude that McNamara's "full disclosure" doctrine has been subject to Sylvester's "limitations." After twenty years of an Army-run journalism school and a good five years of Army-dominated news from Vietnam, the "considerable criticism" General Eisenhower mentioned in 1946 shows no sign of ebbing. That year he was given a report by civilian advisers who had been asked to help launch the Army's information program. The report's conclusion, once printed as a preface to Army information guidebooks, does not appear in the DINFOS Policy and Plans handbook. It said:

"If the Army is good, the story will be good—and public relations will be good. If the Army is bad, the story will be bad and the result bad. In the end, public opinion about the Army reflects what the Army itself is. That is the whole secret of Army public relations.

"All any public relations group of the Army can do, in the long run, is to present the Army as it is, not as it ought to be. No more than that can be expected, or achieved."

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Singapore and Malaysia: A Divorce of Inconvenience

DENIS WARNER

PORT SWETTENHAM, which serves Kuala Lumpur and its developing industrial satellite at Petaling Jaya, is poorly located and designed. Its berthing and turning operations are difficult, its shore installations confined, and it lacks the banking and insurance and other invisible but essential commercial machinery that have helped Singapore maintain its place as one of the world's great international seaports.

But Kuala Lumpur can no longer depend on Singapore. Its unrealistic expectation that things would get better after Singapore's expulsion from Malaysia last August has not been fulfilled. Relationships that were accepted as mutually convenient and expedient before the marriage have proved distasteful since the divorce. Thus, instead of restoring the status quo ante, which Tengku Abdul Rahman, the Malaysian Prime Minister, fondly hoped would be the case, the separation has only created new divisive trends. Instead of the collaboration that their joint and separate problems demand, Kuala Lumpur and Singapore have embarked on a form of competitive coexistence that is potentially disastrous, not merely to themselves but to all non-Communist interests in Southeast Asia.

Under the Barrier

Recently I visited Port Swettenham with some friends and a Malaysian Cabinet Minister and his wife. Inevitably, the conversation turned to some of the more pressing problems of the region. I had just come from Singapore, where the Lee Kuan Yew government, in urgent quest of means to cope with the unexpected economic burdens caused by its expulsion, had begun to take overt steps to resume its trade, specifically its barter trade, with Indonesia.

Before President Sukarno's policy of "confrontation" officially ended trading relationships, about thirty per cent of Indonesia's exports went to Singapore; next to the Malayan hinterland, Indonesia was also Singapore's best customer. Tongkangs that came laden with smallholders' rubber and other produce from the Indonesia archipelago went back bulging with consumer goods.

By adroit manipulation of ship registration, the flying of flags of convenience, and other means, the Singapore traders, in connivance with their partners in Indonesia, succeeded unofficially in slipping through some of the confrontation barriers, although the trade statistics in both countries were careful not to reveal the fact. Nevertheless, Singapore's total trade dropped from $2.4 billion in 1960 to just over $2 billion in 1964, a reverse that it could afford less than ever once its expectations of a Malaysian common market were dashed by its expulsion from the federation.

It then hoped, somewhat optimistically, to pick up trade worth between $30 million and $60 million a year by turning the island of Pulau Senang, a former penal colony some twelve miles from the main island of Singapore, into a barter center, with the proviso that the Indonesia traders would not have access to Singapore proper. They were to be confined to a narrow policed channel and were permitted to land only on designated and supervised stretches of the shore; they could remain only so long as it took to make their transactions before being ushered out through the same channel. As Singapore saw it, these precautions, coupled with increased naval patrols, would take care of Kuala Lumpur's fears that the trade might provide a cover for the smuggling of men and weapons into Malaysia.

But this was not the view of the Malaysian Cabinet Minister. He regarded Singapore's attempt to resume barter trade as a breach of the separation agreement between Singapore and Malaysia that neither would enter into any treaty or agreement with any third country damaging to the interests of the other. From this point of departure, he assailed the Lee Kuan Yew government in the bitterest terms and outlined the measures Kuala Lumpur could take to bring it to its knees. Pointing to the Port Swettenham wharves, he said, "We can build storage tanks here and divert all our shipments of latex and palm oil away from Singapore. We can do it and we will if Singapore behaves like this."

Since Malaya's rubber exports, which amount to about forty per cent of the world's supply, traditionally go through Singapore, such a diversion would indeed be a certain way of destroying the island's economic hopes. "If you were to do that," I said, "you would cause the economic collapse of Singapore and force a Communist take-over."

"I'd rather have the Communists than Lee Kuan Yew," said the Cabinet Minister. "We've dealt with the Communists once and can do it again. Lee Kuan Yew is worse than the Communists."

IN THE EVENT, Singapore's efforts to persuade the Indonesia barter traders to risk their necks along the policed corridor leading to Pulau Sedang have proved no more fruitful than its attempts to reassure Kuala Lumpur. Early in January, Tengku Abdul Rahman described the barter plan as a hostile act and said that Malaysia was prepared "to use peaceful methods" to stop such a move. "Singapore must realize the prosperity of Singapore very much depends on goods which come from here," he said.

On January 23, Tan Siew Sin, the Malaysian Finance Minister, said that a ministerial committee had made a special study of Singapore's separation from Malaysia and concluded that the export of Malaysia's rubber could be diverted from Singapore to ports on the mainland. As chairman of the committee, Tan told an interviewer: "A customs order on one sheet of paper would do the trick. If it came to a push I think we could stop every pound of rubber from going to Singapore."

But the threat could not be car-

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ried out that easily. Nor is there any real likelihood, as Tan made clear in a subsequent statement, that it will be translated into action. Still, as symbols of the deteriorating relationship between these two interdependent states whose association once promised hopes of stability in the southern tier of Southeast Asia, the barter controversy and the Port Swettenham threat are painfully apposite.

Typical of these new divisive trends was an even more bitter quarrel that developed in February, when the Second Battalion of the Singapore infantry regiment that had been serving in Borneo as part of the multinational Malaysian security forces returned home after completing its tour of duty. Instead of returning to their permanent quarters, however, the Singaporean troops were obliged to pitch tents because Kuala Lumpur's Royal Malaysian battalion, stationed in Singapore under the terms of the separation agreement, refused to vacate the Singapore battalion's barracks until the Singapore government provided suitable alternative accommodations.

The controversy raised immediate fears in Singapore that Kuala Lumpur was trying to turn the island into a Malaysian satellite. In Kuala Lumpur the reaction was that Singapore was trying to break the separation agreement, which in turn raised new fears in Singapore that Kuala Lumpur might be tempted to use military force if Singapore pursued economic and political policies of which it disapproved. Fortunately wiser counsels eventually prevailed, and in mid-March it was announced that Singapore had agreed to find alternative accommodation for the Malaysian battalion in exchange for the return of defense equipment that Malaysia had been holding.

The Hazards of Separation

In retrospect, it is easy to see that Lee Kuan Yew's vigorous, even ruthless, approach that proved so necessary and so effective in the malodorous Singapore political scene could not have been translated into the conservative councils of Kuala Lumpur without provoking personal as well as political animosities. While Singapore remained a member of the federation, however, even the most violent personal clashes precipitated by Lee's intellectual superiority, arrogance, and drive were confined to the family circle. Today, the causes for conflict not only remain but have been exacerbated and raised to the level of international quarrels. If Kuala Lumpur had used force to bend Singapore to its will a year ago, there would have been a storm, but it would have remained an internal matter. Today such an act would be an act of war.

In a more equable political climate, the recognition of the hazards that separation has raised for both territories would have led to expedient co-operation on vital issues. To expect such pragmatism in Southeast Asia, however, is utopian to begin with, and in the case of Singapore and Kuala Lumpur, it underestimates the antagonism that divides the two ruling elites. They

are set on courses which may not lead to collision but which threaten to foment the mutually undesirable conditions that Kuala Lumpur hoped to avoid first by merger and later by separation.

To Singapore, Malaysia meant above all a common market. "One of the most compelling factors why we went into Malaysia was because we wanted the broader base, so that industrialization and capital accumulation could take place with less sacrifice," Lee Kuan Yew told a Singapore audience. Singapore's contribution of forty per cent of its revenue to the federal budget was the price it had to pay for an outlet for the productive energies and industrial skills of its population, which is expanding by four per cent a year.

But separation resulted in the imposition of immediate trade and tariff barriers. Although it clearly had the most to lose in any trade war, Singapore was first off the mark with the imposition of duties and quotas on manufactured goods coming from Malaya in competition with its own industries. Manufacturers in Malaya ruefully began to think of suspending operations that had been initiated only on the assumption that Singapore's more active market would be freely available.

UNDER strong commercial pressures in both Kuala Lumpur and Singapore, the two governments agreed last September 8 to remove quota restrictions on trade across the causeway that links Singapore with the Malay peninsula. Hope rose high on October 8 when the Singapore government announced that all obstacles to trade between Singapore and Malaysia would be eliminated immediately by the lifting of the licensing and quantitative restrictions on commodities contained in the common market list drawn up by the two countries.

These hopes were soon disappointed. The following day, Kuala Lumpur announced new tariffs to protect Malaysian manufacturers. Forty-eight hours later, Singapore replied with its own list of some 150 protective duties on goods manufactured in numerous foreign countries but also in Malaya.

Singapore went on to pass the National Reregistration Act, which is designed to classify all residents of Singapore as citizens or non-citizens. Since many thousands of Singapore's inhabitants have only the vaguest idea where they were born and even more frequently are unable to produce the documentary proof required, the task is more formidable than the government anticipated. But the desired result—the creation of the machinery to exclude Malaysians from Singapore citizenship, and also from the Singapore labor market, except where they possess useful professional, technical, or commercial skills—is likely to be achieved.

The Singapore government has no intention of throwing out Malay-

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sians already established with their families, but it is determined to halt the flow of thousands of Malaysian migrants into the island. Since the specter of rising unemployment constantly haunts the government, this restriction on immigration may be prudent, but it is also another of the many steps that have led the two states to move further and further apart.

The Need for a Common Market

High commodity prices, a seemingly assured world appetite for tin, and a continued demand for rubber have helped to maintain Malaya's prosperity at a level that must seem to reflect an excessive abundance of riches to most of its Asian neighbors. Yet the tin reserves are limited, and rubber, despite the efficiency of the Malayan plantations and extensive replanting of high-yielding stocks, faces increasing competition from synthetics. The need to industrialize is fully appreciated in Kuala Lumpur, and the first post-separation budget was a deliberate invitation to foreign capital interested in industrial development. There is little likelihood, however, that such investments will be forthcoming in the degree that the country's needs dictate. "The simple truth is that without a Singapore-Malaysia common market there can be no industrialization worth speaking of," said an unusually frank editorial in the *Straits Times,* which is published in both Singapore and Kuala Lumpur. "It can only be hoped that the ill-conceived trial of strength which has been inaugurated will quickly convince the contestants of their individual puniness, and of the great need they have for co-operation." It has not done so.

The Tengku occasionally talks of what may be if Singapore "has a change of heart," and Tan Siew Sin in his Malaysian budget did not rule out the participation of Singapore in a common market, though he insisted that there would have to be a substantial, though unstated, quid pro quo. For their part, the Singapore leaders have indicated that they are not interested in taxation without representation.

After separation, two of Singapore's senior Cabinet Ministers visited East, Central, and North Africa, Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union, India, and other nearby Asian countries. One result was that Russian and Yugoslav trade missions agreed to visit Singapore. With one offshore island reserved for the highly contentious and evanescent barter trade, the Singapore government also plans to turn another into a tourist playground, complete with dog tracks and "massage parlors."

No one pretends that barter, Russian trade, or the encouragement of offshore vice is going to solve Singapore's economic problems. Between 15,000 and 25,000 new jobs must be provided every year. Dr. Goh Keng Swee, who moved from Finance to Defense after separation, says that over the next five years this goal will require the setting up of about two hundred factories, each employing about two hundred to 250 workers and producing two hundred different products. Singapore will then need a .002 per cent share of the market of the United States, Britain, Australia, and New Zealand. If the western powers are not prepared to open their domestic markets to industrial goods from Singapore, he claims, the island's unemployment situation will get out of control and open the door for pro-Communists to win power in Singapore through free elections.

WHILE Singapore will settle for trade, Malaysia wants aid. In his budget speech last November, Tan Siew Sin mentioned $330 million in foreign loans and $300 million in foreign aid and grants. Tun Razak, Malaysia's Deputy Prime Minister and the Tengku's announced heir, subsequently raised the direct-aid ante to more than $600 million. "Thus, more and more, a sense of unreality pervades the Singapore-Malaysian economic and political scene," the *Far Eastern Economic Review* commented. "It is hard to see the two countries approaching the West with great success."

One of the more melancholy aspects of the situation in both states is that the government in Kuala Lumpur reflects the best hopes of the British colonial administration of a decade ago; the Singapore government, though different from anything anyone planned, is also better than anyone expected. As the Communist insurgency slowly came under control in the mid-1950's, the British worked to create a Malayan government that would be conservative and predominantly Malay and that would be willing and able to co-operate with the leading members of the Chinese community, who were likewise conservative. This is precisely what has been achieved.

As the Singapore leaders are well aware, any conceivable alternative in Kuala Lumpur at the present would be much worse. If the Malay ultras ever get their hands on the Malaysian government, there will be no more racial unity, and the Malayan National Liberation League, which has now established its headquarters in Peking, will find few obstacles to fomenting a new war of national liberation.

In Singapore the alternative to Lee Kuan Yew and the People's Action Party is Communism. With the collapse of the extreme left-wing Barisan Sosialis Party, the official opposition, Singapore has become, however temporarily, a one-party state. Its real opposition, the Communist Party, is outlawed. Even in the present circumstances, however, the Communists could probably command close to thirty per cent of the popular vote. If economic hopes are not realized, or if the newly created Family Planning and Population Board fails in its ambitious goal of cutting the birth rate from about sixty thousand to thirty thousand annually, it scarcely seems possible that the People's Action Party can remain in power.

THERE IS a chance that the Communist alternative can be avoided. The Tengku and Lee Kuan Yew met in Singapore for a golf match and informal dinner on March 21—their first encounter since secession. The Tengku also invited Lee to bring a golf team to Kuala Lumpur for a match with Malayan government members. This is his customary way of approaching difficult problems, and it is not impossible that a compromise may be worked out at the nineteenth hole. In other parts of Southeast Asia, the complexity of the problems often defies solution. In the Singapore-Kuala Lumpur feud, there is nothing that could not be solved by common sense.

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Scoring the D Train

FREDERIC V. GRUNFELD

EDGARD VARESE was always something of a mystery man. I remember that when Aaron Copland nominated him for a New York *Times* list of the five (or ten) most influential contemporary composers, people wrote in letters to the editors saying, the others we know, but who is Varèse? Whereupon the paper ran an explanatory one-column picture of him as though it were introducing, for the first time, a young Ditson winner or a Guggenheim Fellow. That was a dozen years ago, when he was almost seventy and had already achieved most of the glorious work with which he proposed to overthrow the existing order of music. In the subsequent decade, which coincided with the advent of electronics in every branch of music-making, Varèse's name began to be heard with increasing frequency and amplitude on the modernist circuit. And before he died last November 6, at the age of eighty-one, he had at least been able to enjoy some of the pleasures of belated recognition—the satisfaction of seeing the light of comprehension going on here and there—at the avant-garde festivals, the European radio stations, and the recording studios of New York. For the apostles of *musique concrète* in Paris and Darmstadt, Varèse became the prophet and patriarch of a whole new dimension in music: "Webern liberated silence, but Varèse emancipated noise," writes Heinz-Klaus Metzger in the *Darmstädter Beiträge zur neuen Musik*.

Varèse, as any photo of him will attest, was easily the most extraordinary-looking composer since Hector Berlioz. With beetle brows, a shock of wavy hair that rose straight up from his forehead, and a fiercely benevolent-belligerent gaze, he seemed to be the personification of what people in the 1920's called an "anarch of the arts." He used to laugh about his troubles with the musical Establishment ("Laughter," he liked to say, "is the only internal massage man has at his disposal"), but nothing could reconcile him to the red-plush world of Fifty-seventh Street. "When I see and hear some of the things that are done in the name of music, I don't want to be known as a musician. Call me rather a worker in intensities, frequencies, and rhythms."

I REMEMBER with what Olympian scorn he used to speak about his neoclassical colleagues, who still found it necessary to write for such "anachronisms" as violins and cellos. "We find it necessary to replace obsolete tools by others that are required by new needs," he told his students at a Columbia University summer session in 1948, "and we find that Boulder Dam expresses us better than the Egyptian pyramids or Gothic cathedrals. But in music a composer must still be satisfied with instruments which, like the strings, had already attained perfection two centuries ago. Although for daily use human ingenuity has found something more convenient than the hand pump, we continue to blow into a complicated and obsolete mechanism of tubes, while an inadequate system of notation does not permit us to notate even the sounds that these instruments can produce." He himself always preferred instruments that were struck instead of stroked, beaten rather than bowed. In the days before the tape recorder enabled him to work directly on tape, his scores called for instruments that most people thought of as noisemakers: sirens, chains, anvils, ratchets, *clavé* sticks, maracas, cowbells, desiccated calabashes, and even the so-called lion-roar, or *xambomba*, used by Mediterranean children to make ear-splitting noises at fiesta time. He had a decided aversion to strings, and soon after he came to America from France, at the end of the First World War, he virtually gave up using them.

Percussion was his natural element, not only because it was most expressive of the machine age but also because the sound of it was in no way compromised by classical allusions. When he composed the now classic *Ionization* (1931), in which thirteen players manipulate a total of thirty-seven percussion instruments, he was, in effect, producing "electronic" music before the electronic means for it had been in-

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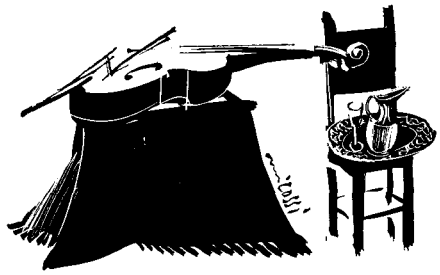
vented. (A century earlier, Peter Cooper made provision for an elevator shaft in the Cooper Union building, on the assumption that sooner or later an elevator would be invented to fit it.) When I first met Varèse in Greenwich Village nearly twenty years ago, he used to carry in his pocket a slip of paper with an admonitory quotation from Einstein that he would declaim at appropriate moments: "Our actual situation cannot be compared to anything in the past. We must radically change our way of thinking, our method of action."

But even the most radical new music is not born in a vacuum; it proceeds from a base in the known past toward some dimly perceived future. "A new sound," says Schoenberg in his *Harmonielehre*, "is an unintentionally discovered symbol which proclaims the new man who utters it." At the same time, however, the new man is the equally unintentional heir to an old oral tradition by which musical lore is passed from generation to generation—a slightly occult science, too ineffable to be wholly committed to paper. Which explains why the first question musicians ask of each other is, "Who was your teacher?"

Varèse, no less than Schoenberg, was molded and tempered by the music he heard as a student and by the men who taught it to him—though he maintained that Vincent d'Indy had taught him, by example, chiefly what not to do. Born in Paris on December 22, 1883, Varèse came from a Corsican family that had been raised to the minor nobility at about the same time as had the Buonapartes; musically he could trace his descent through d'Indy and Charles Widor back to César Franck, Luigi Cherubini, Franz Liszt, and Hector Berlioz. For all his insistence on radical new methods, Varèse was very conscious of what he possessed in that remarkable legacy; he could look back as well as forward, and refused to be one of those dreary Januses of one face, the futurist with his eye fixed on tomorrow's headlines. Several times when I accompanied him on his morning constitutional south of Washington Square, he talked about what it was like to have been Debussy's protégé and Massenet's friend, and what the former had told him about the comings and goings at Mallarmé's Tuesdays.

Mallarmé's Tuesdays? That, if the truth be known, was the intellectual starting point for Varèse's machine-age aesthetics, just as the Vienna Sezession was the jumping-off place for Schoenberg & Co. Debussy had taken his cue from Mallarmé to search for a new, crystalline, and obscure language in the *Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune*, Varèse continued the quest with one of his earliest pieces, the *Prélude à la Fin d'un Jour* (presumably after a Sunday afternoon on the island of Grand-Jatte). It is said, too, that the young composer was one of the real-life models whom Romain Rolland used for his composite musician-hero, Jean-Christophe, and this surmise is borne out by a letter that Rolland



wrote to Varèse when the composer left Paris at twenty-two for an extended visit to Germany. "*Puisez dans vos passions*," Rolland advises. "You are a master of your musical language. . . . Don't be too objective. And don't be afraid to unbutton, as Strauss does in the first page of *Ein Heldenleben*. You will never lose your French clarity. . . . "

As it turned out, Varèse never did learn the art of unbuttoning, *à la Heldenleben*, although Strauss took an active interest in his work. Varèse's style is too terse, too taciturn, to lend itself to rhapsodic outpourings. He insists on maintaining the tightest possible control over the complex rhythms, the incredibly refined timbres of his pieces. And almost every one of his works is a sort of teaching piece, a demonstration of applied principles. Like Thomas Mann's fictional composer, Adrian Leverkühn in *Doctor Faustus*, Varèse believed that "Art would like to stop being pretense and play; it would like to become knowledge." In later years he wrote fewer and fewer things, and what he had to say in them became more and more condensed. Anton Webern, to whom he felt "antipodally related," spent a whole lifetime producing just enough music to fill four LP records. The total of Varèse's mature output is not much greater; in fact, nine of his fourteen most important works are comfortably accommodated on the two LP records thus far issued in Columbia's "Music of Varèse" project. Both of these discs (ML 5478 and ML 5762) were recorded by various ensembles conducted by Robert Craft, and the sessions were supervised by Varèse, who also contributed two tapes of "organized sound" that he made in his own studio.

The earliest works in the set are the *Deux Offrandes* for soprano and chamber orchestra. One of these is an "offering" to his American wife, Louise, a noted translator of St.-John Perse, Baudelaire, Stendhal, *et al.* The songs date from the early 1920's and continue the sensuous, exotic line taken by Ravel in the *Shéhérazade* cycle. With *Octandre*, of 1924, he moves off in a violently dissonant direction. Scored for seven wind players and a solitary string bass, it lasts for six minutes and forty-seven seconds and seems to have, as the sign in the shop window has it, "no connection with any other store." It used to strike me as the last word in metallic discord when I first heard it on 78-r.p.m. records conducted by Nicolas Slonimsky, but it has mellowed with age, so that it now emerges as a sort of anti-pastorale—a twentieth-century counterploy to the Schubert *Octet*.

Hyperprism, of 1924, is a confrontation between winds and percussion lasting three minutes and fifty seconds; a peculiar, restless stirring in the percussion section heralds the day when the non-melody instruments will break away and set up an autonomous régime patterned on the institution of the Balinese gamelan. *Intégrales*, of 1926, lives up to its name by constantly shifting its integral metrical units: 5, 4, 3, 2, and 6 and 7 (occasionally 2½ or 3½, but never 8) beats to the bar. Eleven winds, including a contrabass trombone, are arrayed against seventeen percussion instruments divided among four players, and the result-

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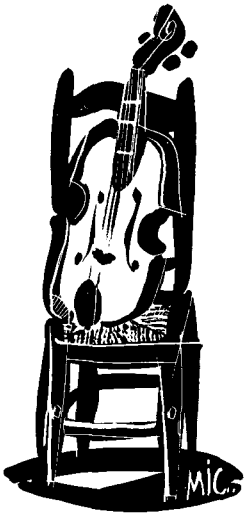
ing dialogue lasts nine minutes and forty-one seconds.

Arcana, which had its first performance by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski in 1927, requires an outsize orchestra: seventy strings, forty-two winds, and eight percussionists wielding forty instruments. It is a nonobjective tone poem, constructed of chrome steel in a style now faintly passé (like the sculptures of Gabo and Pevsner). But Paul Rosenfeld, one of Varèse's few admirers among the critics, was not far from right when he called it "the first piece of music harmonious with the *Weltanschauung* of modern mathematical physics, and corresponding with science's newest sensations about matter." *Ionisation,* completed during a visit to Paris in 1931, is a tour de force of not quite five minutes' duration. The sound of its thirty-seven "instruments of percussion, friction and sibilation, of indeterminate pitch" (as Slonimsky catalogues them) is anything but heavy-handed; on the contrary, the tone and texture of this masterpiece are as fragile as frost flowers on a windowpane, and twice as transparent.

Density 21.5 was written in 1936 "at the request of Georges Barrère for the inauguration of his platinum flute." 21.5 is the atomic density of platinum, but the specific gravity of this four-minute piece is closer to that of Debussy's Grecian flute solo, *Syrinx,* and probably represents the ultimate of French Impressionism.

Déserts, completed in 1954, lasts nearly twenty-five minutes and calls for a combination of live musicians, playing winds and percussion instruments, and a set of taped sound tracks inserted between the live sections. It marks the postwar transition to magnetic tape, when Varèse no longer had to depend on other people playing from an "antiquated system of notation" and could cook up his own devil's brew of tone in the basement of his house on Sullivan Street. The results are spectacular—the whole gamut of industrial civilization, extracted from carborundum wheels, drill presses, and fever dreams. I remember that when the score had its American premiere, in a National Guard armory in Bennington, Vermont, an audience mainly of college girls gave it a standing ovation of ten minutes; then *Déserts* had to be repeated. It had something to do with many sorts of deserts, Varèse explained: "all physical deserts (of sand, sea, snow, of outer space, of empty city streets), but also the deserts in the mind of man; not only those stripped aspects of nature that suggest bareness, aloofness, timelessness, but also that remote inner space no telescope can reach, where man is alone, a world of mystery and essential loneliness." It was, in other words, the most explicit chapter of his autobiography.

Poème Electronique does away with human intermediaries altogether. Composed on tape for Le Corbusier's parabolic Philips pavilion at the 1958 Brussels World's Fair, it was designed to sweep in continuous



arcs of sound through something like four hundred loudspeakers. Its essential connection to Debussy will become more apparent with time; it is a piece of extraordinary lyric beauty, related to the ethereal voices which we are sometimes privileged to hear on long-distance telephone circuits, and compounded of the most fascinating elements—bleached bones of sound, washed up on the white sands of silence for eight minutes and five seconds.

THE music critics, with very few exceptions, were always relentlessly negative about what Varèse was trying to do, but as journalists they welcomed some splendid opportunities for vivid metaphors. Olin Downes about *Hyperprism*: "election night, a menagerie or two and a catastrophe in a boiler factory." Ernest Newman about *Intégrales*: "early morning in the Mott Haven freight yards, feeding time at the zoo and a Sixth Avenue trolley rounding a curve, with an intoxicated woodpecker thrown in for good measure." Samuel Chotzinoff about *Amériques*: "the progress of a terrible fire in one of our larger zoos."

Somewhere in all this balderdash is the key to Varèse's greatness as a composer. More than any musician of his generation, he was aware of what it meant to live in a new time, amid sounds and rhythms that had never been heard before in the history of mankind: the pocketa-pocketa of our Ford's flivver; the squeal of the D train on the curved track between Fiftieth Street and Columbus Circle, "Horst Wessel" played over loudspeakers, the riveting gun, the fragmentation bomb, the Geiger counter. Varèse did not work with these materials per se, nor was he ever concerned with "tape recording the sound of New York City," as Stravinsky says rather condescendingly in his *Memories and Commentaries.* But he did understand their implications: as a modern composer, living in the din of New York, he could not possibly go on organizing sounds with the same techniques that Beethoven had used while he was living beside the bubbling brooks of Heiligenstadt.

Hyperprism, therefore, is not a description of election night, a menagerie, and a boiler factory, but it does contain an artist's response to such things—the agitations of experience recollected in classical tranquillity. Sometimes there is even a piece of old-fashioned program music that manages to filter through. In *Hyperprism,* reported Rosenfeld in the *Dial* forty years ago, "there is a reiterated very shrill high C-sharp, and during the performance of the work, it brought convulsive laughter out of the audience; but when the composer returned to his home on Eighth Street that evening, and sat awake working, he heard from over the city somewhere a very familiar sound, a siren, and suddenly realized that he had been hearing it for many nights, over six months, during the time he composed *Hyperprism,* and that the tone was exactly a very shrill high C-sharp."

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The Romantic of Olana

HENNIG COHEN

FREDERIC EDWIN CHURCH was an American landscape painter with a flair for the dramatic, a taste for the exotic, and a tendency toward the symbolic. The last and best of the Hudson River School, he was a great success in the mid-nineteenth century, but by the time of his death in 1900 he had been more or less forgotten. At the moment three events are drawing attention to Church and promise to provide the reconsideration he deserves.

The first is Braziller's publication of David C. Huntington's introductory study of his life and works, a well-designed book notable for its sensitivity to Church's symbolic inclinations and to his place in the cultural context of his time. The second is a comprehensive exhibition mounted by the Smithsonian Institution. (It will travel to the Albany Institute this month and to New York's Knoedler Gallery in June.) This is a matter of consequence because although the paintings have begun to emerge from the storerooms, the last Church exhibit was a memorial held by the Metropolitan Museum of Art the year of his death. The third is the approaching culmination of a campaign to obtain Olana, the house on the Hudson River designed by Church in the 1870's, as a museum. Olana was the focal point of Church's aesthetic—perhaps even spiritual—energies for the final thirty years of his life, and as an artistic achievement and historical document it may fairly be spoken of in the same breath as was Mark Twain's house in Hartford, Connecticut (the city that happens to be Church's birth and burial place), or even Jefferson's Monticello.

CHURCH was an American romantic, as much a part of that first great cresting of creativity in the decade or so before the Civil War as Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, Melville, or the historians Prescott and Parkman. With these writers he shared Emerson's intuition that "Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact," and for this reason he chose to paint natural history, the landscape, rather than the human history and allegory of his teacher, Thomas Cole. Like Thoreau, who carefully measured the surface of Walden Pond and plumbed its depths, and Melville, whose whales rendered both oil and metaphysics, Church took infinite pains to portray nature realistically. His public was often so beguiled by the natural fact (as were the readers of Thoreau and Melville) that they missed the spiritual fact. He was also a typically American romantic in his prophetic vision of the New World as a land of possibility, though he always remained sensible to a cosmic unity with other times and places.

Church is not an easy man to shape up for either a monograph or an exhibition. Simple chronology is no help because he tended to recreate landscapes in the studio from sketches made many years before. A geographical arrangement is also difficult, for he traveled widely and frequently, sometimes returning years later to the same or similar settings. The Smithsonian exhibition (which includes forty-three paintings, fifty-seven oil studies, eighty-one drawings and sketches, plus engravings, chromoliths, notebooks, and a model of Olana) is a hodgepodge, and the attempt to impose order under headings like "North America," "The Tropics," and "Imaginary Subjects" amounts to an admission of defeat. By focusing sharply on about a dozen of Church's most significant paintings and treating them both as icon and art, natural fact and spiritual fact, and by using biography and history as a matrix for the paintings, David Huntington has been much more successful.

An early landscape, "Mount Ktaadn" (1853), reveals Church's blend of drama and Edenic repose. A pastoral scene with grazing cattle, a winding country road, and a farmstead sheltered by trees occupies the foreground. In the middle distance are a lake and woodland, and against the horizon, slate-gray foothills and a towering mountain. All of this would be quite routine if it were not for the dazzling use of color. The sky shimmers with rose and gold. The trees are a rich, dark green. The lake and even the tiny panes of glass in the farm buildings reflect and intensify the golden light that comes from behind the mountains. It is the light of sunset, but it might well be the light of dawn.

"Twilight in the Wilderness" (1860) is equally auroral and an even more remarkable tour de force. Piles of rose-red cloud are banked against a blue sky streaked with apple green. A narrow band of gold at the horizon backlights the bare branches of trees and blasted stumps in the foreground. The polished surface of a river and jagged boulders on its banks glow with the color they have absorbed. There is no evidence of man. He has not yet been created or he has vanished from the face of the earth.

"Niagara" (1857) was an immense success because Church had managed the difficult feat of dramatizing realistically the power and action of a natural wonder that had become a national symbol. Niagara Falls had been described and painted more than any other topographical feature of the American continent. Somehow it seemed to suggest the dimensions of the American dream, and it was this mystical aura that Church was able to impart. The beholder is at the edge of the chasm and almost swept down by the flood. The panoramic proportions of the picture (it is three and a half by seven and a half feet) the breadth of the falls emphasized by parallel stretches of cloud above, the hard edge of the precipice that divides the firmament from the waters and the rainbow arching upward to link them, the suggestion of the curve of the horizon—all convey the expansiveness of a new world and the possibility of a new beginning. It is Genesis at the moment of Creation and Noah viewing the Earth after the deluge. The curvature of the Earth becomes an arc of the circle of eternity.

A desire to confirm what he saw in the American landscape, a sense of the oneness within the complexity of nature, and the search for subjects that lent themselves to sym-

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bolic use led Church to travel from the tropics to the Arctic and from the New World to the Near East. Impressed by the theories of the scientist Alexander von Humboldt that geographical environment determined man's fate, he went to Ecuador and Colombia where Humboldt had explored. The idealized landscape "The Heart of the Andes" (1859) that he brought back was an even greater popular success than "Niagara." Dramatically displayed in a setting of black crepe and potted palms and illuminated by gaslight, it was viewed by spectators through binoculars so that they could lose themselves in the details of its sublimity. The Andes loom in the distance, full of power and glory. At their base are a verdant plain and a life-giving stream on both sides of which trees and ferns are arrayed in worshipful attitudes. For the benefit of those who needed a further hint, a wayside shrine with a crucifix is tucked away in a glade.

"Cotopaxi" (1862), the best of several versions of the Andean volcano, is another fusion of Genesis and Revelation. The cone of the volcano, seen across a vast plateau, spews up ash and fire that are swept to the right by a strong wind and suffuse the landscape beneath with a purgatorial light. Yet immediately to the left of the volcanic jet, which is an abrupt line of demarcation, the sky is a bluish green that fades into yellow and then gold; the plain below is covered with a thick growth of green paramo grass; and the spray from a churning stream is on the verge of breaking a sunbeam into the colors of a rainbow. The opposition resolves in the balance of the life-creating elements of earth, air, fire, and water.

In 1859 Church sailed to Labrador to sketch icebergs. He described them as "dead white—ghastly and spiritless in a dull atmosphere; but in bright weather, especially in the afternoon, kindling with a varied splendor." It was their varied splendor that he chose to paint in "The Icebergs" (1861). In his last years he returned to this subject. "The Iceberg" (1891) shows a schooner on calm seas outlined against a monumental berg. The painting is nostalgic and detached but serene, a testament of acceptance.

A long tour to Europe and the Holy Land in the late 1860's produced several works that are evidence of Church's vision of the ancient world as part of his cosmic scheme. One of the most notable of these, "Jerusalem" (1870), is painted from the viewpoint of a spectator on the Mount of Olives looking west toward the city on the hill. It is a spring morning and light strikes the olive trees in the foreground and the rooftops and domes of the city, while the valley between remains in the shadows. The city wall slashes across the picture, a dividing line like the brink of Niagara and the axis of Cotopaxi which separates but at the same time emphasizes the unity of all things. "The Parthenon" (1871) is a highly successful exercise in symbolic realism. It bespeaks Greek order as clearly as "Jerusalem" proclaims the Hebraic religious impulse.

CHURCH went on to paint in the West Indies and Mexico, in Maine and North Carolina, but his efforts gradually diminished in scale. In the end he withdrew to Olana, which he called "the center of the world," his synthesis of American nature and cosmic culture. Architecturally, Olana is a combination of pseudo Persian, Venetian Gothic, Tuscan villa, French mansard, Spanish Alhambra, East Indian bungalow, and other exotic elements. Its contents are even more eclectic: pre-Columbian sculpture, Chinese silk, Etruscan pottery, Persian brass, paintings by Magnasco and Salvator Rosa as well as Thomas Cole and Washington Allston, Thonet chairs and Turkish tables, an Audubon whippoorwill, and a pair of stuffed quetzals.

The house is not, however, a cabinet for curios. Church arranged the furnishings to interplay with each other and at the same time create a sense of transcendental unity. He planned the alignment of objects, lighting, and interior vistas with care, and he fused nature and art through such devices as a huge plate-glass window that looks out on the Hudson Valley and beyond to a mountain ridge sixty miles away. At Olana, within this world of his own creation, Church remained—in the Emersonian phrase—of the party of hope.

Intersection

Red light. He brakes and starts to swear and fidget,
but I'm another breed: I idle back
and stare at paving stones like coffin lids
lying in wait for Judgment Day to crack
and let the dead crawl from the chrysalis,
wizened and newly fleshed. Like Mackinac,
Manhattan will be red with Indians
that green-light day. It always makes me shiver
thinking of Romans marching into Rome
along the Appian Way, a dusty river
of untombed heathens, saints uncatacombed;
while from the Ganges some celestial siever
hauls in the dark-eyed dead, and drowned men come
arrowing up, diver by dark diver.
All Asia harvested like golden grain,
all Africa brought in as black as oil,
and we, shoveled pale from oblivion
to crowd the earth, finger familiar soil,
fill up the homesick eye with sky again.
Out of the maw of death we two will stroll
this place, perhaps, and say the name "Manhattan"?
Green light. Our car leaps on the paving stones,
and I'm aware the light's still red for bones.

—NANCY PRICE

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BOOKS

Peace or Nationalism For Europe?

RICHARD MAYNE

THE EUROPEAN IDEA, by Lord Gladwyn. *Praeger. $5.*

Rejected suitors write the best love letters; onlookers see most of the game; converts compose the most convincing tracts. Great Britain, a late convert to the cause of unity in Europe and for years an onlooker, has been since 1963 the Common Market's rejected suitor. No wonder that some of the best books on European integration have come from British pens. Fifteen years ago, when the countries of the Six set up the European Coal and Steel Community, many of their citizens were only half aware that they had chosen gradual economic and political unification, partly in order to restore their reduced status in the world. Britain, which unlike them had suffered neither defeat nor invasion, at first saw no need to join in the movement; and when at length it sought to do so, it was in response to a long process of public rethinking of its position which in terms of British politics had been begun by the tiny Liberal Party, then convinced the Conservative leadership, and now appears to be making headway within the ranks of Labour.

It is no coincidence that Lord Gladwyn, the latest contributor to Britain's great debate, should recently have joined the Liberals. As Sir Gladwyn Jebb, he had a long and distinguished career as a diplomat before emerging as one of the leading British advocates of a united Europe. From 1950 to 1954 he was British ambassador to the United Nations, where his tall, patrician figure became familiar to many Americans; and from 1954 to 1960 he was ambassador to France. For an onlooker on European doings and undoings, this was a ringside seat. Paris saw the defeat of the European Defense Community project in 1954; two years later came the abortive adventure of Suez; in 1958, the Common Market came into force, General de Gaulle returned to power, and his government killed off the British proposal of a European free-trade zone in which, as many Continental Europeans feared, the Common Market might have been dissolved. The lessons of these events were that Europe's impulse toward unity could survive major setbacks, that colonialist ventures no longer made sense, and that if Britain wanted to secure its future, it must no longer attempt half measures in Europe but must decide once and for all.

LORD GLADWYN'S book is clearly the fruit of this experience, but it also bears witness to the further evolution of his own and his countrymen's "European" convictions. For several years, the economic and political case for "entry into Europe" was argued out in Britain as a sophisticated version of the remark made by a teen-ager in a TV discussion: "Well, if we don't go in, we'll be left out." The hope of getting into a larger market was overshadowed by the fear of otherwise facing "the tariff wall"; the chance to influence a larger unit's policies seemed less real than the danger of facing "a new giant power on Britain's doorstep." Few British Europeans, in fact, presented the case for unity in Europe as it had been made by its original sponsors, including Jean Monnet. For Monnet, the essence of the European idea was to transpose to the relations between states that same civilizing process that protects the peace and freedom of private citizens within any community—the recognition that they have interests in common, the acceptance of laws before which all are equal, and the establishment of democratic institutions to make and apply the laws. By recognizing their common interests, accepting common rules of conduct, and setting up quasi-federal institutions like those of the Common Market, European countries would unite in a "European Community" that could later develop into the United States of Europe.

As such, they could collectively establish with the United States of America a relationship of equals that none of them is big enough to achieve separately; and the consequent removal of psychological friction—uneasiness in Europe, impatience in the United States—would make easier that ultimate settlement with the Soviet Union which could only be achieved by the West acting self-confidently as a unit. An important part of any settlement would concern the future of Germany; and only the political unification of Western Europe would make it possible to reunite the German people in peace and freedom without re-creating a new independent German Reich. Unity in Europe, therefore, was not only a first application of law and order, rather than of force, to the mutual relations of European states; it was also, in the eyes of the original "Europeans," the beginning of a chain reaction to promote law and order in the world.

It is this hopeful vision of the future that is fundamentally challenged by the nationalist policies of de Gaulle. It may well be that in order to continue obtaining th

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economic benefits of the Common Market, he will be forced gradually to accept greater involvement in its rules and institutions. But his recent statements and actions suggest that he will struggle to resist, seeking to maintain maximum national independence within the Common Market as well as to transform NATO's collective multilateral commitments into a web of bilateral relationships similar, perhaps, to those which criss-crossed Europe in the years before the Second World War. Many Europeans are alarmed at such a prospect: go back to the 1930's, they say, and you merely pave the way for a return to the 1940's. For this reason, many have recently looked to Britain for a lead against what they see as the disintegration of Europe. For the time being, there are no signs of any such British initiative, but Lord Gladwyn's book is some indication of how far the rethinking process in Britain has already gone.

"THIS BOOK," he announces in his first sentence, "is not a learned essay: it is a political tract." Reading his potted account of "The Origins of 'Europe'" from Julius Caesar to Adolf Hitler, some historians may be inclined to agree with him. Scholars may wince at his linking Stonehenge with the Druids, at his incidental treatment of poor old King Canute, and at his claim that the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic Wars, and the War of 1914-1918 were all "concerned with the basic question, how was Europe to be run?" Americans and Russians may chafe at seeing their respective countries decribed as "The Daughter and the Cousin," Europeans at the use of the Middle Eastern term "Feranghistan" as a synonym for their continent. Musicians and literary critics may wonder at Lord Gladwyn's air of springing a surprise when he tells them, "It may further be said with truth that in the nineteenth century Russian music and literature were actually a part of Western civilization." And students of world affairs, while respectful of Lord Gladwyn's vision of the future, may wish for more than a mere eight pages to expound "A Theory of Regionalism" that seeks to cover the entire inhabited globe.

To find such faults is easy but ultimately irrelevant. The relaxed nature of Lord Gladwyn's prose, sometimes conversational, sometimes oratorical, sometimes echoing the tape recorder, should be enough to tell us that this is a book inviting dialogue and arguing a case. Despite its preliminary historical excursion, its true concern is not "1066 and All That" but 1966 and all this. And although its natural eloquence is sometimes imprecise, the rough edges of the argument often add to its cutting force. What it amounts to, in essentials, is a restatement in terms of power and diplomacy of the case for Jean Monnet's Europe as distinct from that of de Gaulle.

"What would happen," asks Gladwyn, "if other members of the Western Alliance—including the Germans—applied to themselves the same sort of historical criteria as the General applies to his own nation?" He ventures no answer to this highly pertinent question, but on de Gaulle's policies and philosophy he is at least as revealing as on the European idea itself. Not every critic of Gaullist theory is as pertinacious in tracing its roots in traditional French *méfiance*—"*il faut se défendre*," runs the popular tag he quotes; nor can every writer on the subject enter so plausibly into a Gaullist persona or refer so tellingly to his own private conversations with him. Here, Lord Gladwyn contributes notably to the understanding of current French policies—partly because there are affinities between them and the past instinctive reactions of Britain, that other once-great European power.

Great Britain, indeed, is the primary object of Lord Gladwyn's tract, despite its engrossing interest for Americans. It was written, of course, before the latest French moves on NATO, and its practical proposals are therefore less specific than they might be if Lord Gladwyn were writing today. "What, then," he asks, "should any British government do? Well, there is one thing that it could and should do, and that is to explain to the British people what the long-term objective really is. *Not* neutralism: *not* carrying on alone with the Commonwealth and a diminishing EFTA: *not* union with America: but rather a new form of association with our European neighbors within the Western Alliance which would preserve our ancient institutions of our age-long way of life. . . . The question is do we, or do we not, still want to sign the Treaty of Rome establishing the EEC; do we, or do we not, want to join some Political and Defence Community of the type outlined above; are we prepared to undertake the obligations clearly inherent in all these things; and above all are we prepared to come out and say so?"

FOR the present, the answer may still be "No." But the NATO crisis, which in essentials is the same dispute between resurgent nationalism and collective action for peace, may yet have produced a new situation, and one in which Britain, at long last, could take the European initiative. Barred three years ago from immediate entry into the Common Market, the country could now, if it had the vision, propose a European Defense Community with Common Market-type institutions, open to all European members of NATO and linked in equal partnership with the United States. The case for so bold a venture is abundantly set forth in Lord Gladwyn's challenging book.

Passionate Pedagogue

VIRGILIA PETERSON

GREENSTONE, by Sylvia Ashton-Warner. *Simon and Schuster. $4.50.*

The word "creative" has lost its pristine resonance, now that it is used to describe every kind of effort, from Freshman English to cookery. It has come to sound somewhat artsy-craftsy. As an encomium, therefore, it should be sedulously avoided unless, as in the case of the New Zealand writer Sylvia Ashton-Warner, there exists no other word that fits so well. She is in a constant ferment and fizz of creativity. Every dawn is as fresh to her as the dawn of creation, every flower as bedewed, every rain as fertilizing, every child as full of promise. She has, like the birds,

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a tune, a theme song, that is natural to her, and each of her books is a variation on it. Her theme song is the freedom to grow.

Long before she started writing about it, Miss Ashton-Warner was creating this freedom to grow in the infant room of the provincial New Zealand school where for twenty-four years she taught both Maori and white children their first lessons and evolved with them and for them the creative method of teaching which she has since described in her two best-known books, the novel

Spinster and the handbook called *Teacher,* said by Sir Herbert Read to be "as important as any book can be at this point in history."

Now once again, in her new novel, *Greenstone,* she elaborates her theme, indicating this time, by her knowledge of Maori legend and Maori character, what the Maoris and the whites can bring to one another, and how a symbiosis of the brown and the white race, of the old and the new culture, can take place.

Greenstone is dedicated to a New Zealand river, the Whanganui, which flows along the floor of the forest valley where the book is set and cuts it in two. One half of the valley is called This Side and the other That Side. On That Side live the Maoris, with their old chief, the *rangatira* of the Te Renga Renga river tribes. On This Side lies the white community, with its school, its store, its rest house for tourists who come in the bright season to admire the exotic scene, and the whare—the ramshackle building, grown deep into the clearing among its ghosts and rains, that houses the teeming family of Richmond Considine.

In the Considines, Miss Ashton-Warner has chosen, as usual, one of those wildly nonconformist families so dear to her own nonconforming heart. Mr. Considine, a fine-boned English aristocrat, once a famous writer with the world and a beautiful woman at his feet, is now a cripple with locked hips and twisted legs who can hardly walk even with crutches and whose only contribution to the maintenance of his progeny is to brown their potatoes for evening tea, comb out their matted hair, and enchant their bedtime with stories. Why he forsook the world and entered into wedlock with the stocky, loud-lamenting, vigorous woman who has borne him a dozen children, does all the work, and earns as a teacher the only money they have to live on, Miss Ashton-Warner apparently considers irrelevant, since she does not tell. Having created this improbable couple and bestowed their waiflike, star-faced children upon them, she leaps into their temperamental midst to get on with the story.

Not all the Considine children live in the whare. Some have grown up enough to go out into the world. Among these, Daniel, their eldest son, a lieutenant in the army, has left behind the tiny daughter born to him by a Maori princess who died at the child's birth. The black-mopped, pale-skinned Huia, with eyes "like canoes tethered at an angle," embodies in her small person the point of Miss Ashton-Warner's book. As the granddaughter of Mr. Considine and the great-granddaughter of the old Maori chief, she owes allegiance both to This Side and That Side of the dividing river that flows—Mr. Considine is fond of saying—like ever-running tears at the bottom of a heart. It is only because she is free to cross back and forth between brown and white and to learn from both whatever they have to offer that she is able to grow into a whole and make within herself the two strains one.

LIKE the Whanganui River, the greenstone of the title exists as a gleaming talisman of Maori chieftains and as a symbol of the green and pleasant land they live on but no longer own. The book is a fable, as are the legends and stories enfolded in it. What Miss Ashton-Warner intended in *Greenstone,* what she intends in all her books, is of course to teach, in as glowing a form as she can invent, the lesson that freedom is growth. She is a passionate pedagogue, and although this latest of her books is not as surprising as *Spinster,* it shows her, in its tumbling but poetic fashion, at her premeditated best.

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Angry Young Dutchman

MANFRED WOLF

I JAN CREMER, by Jan Cremer. *Shorecrest. $4.95.*

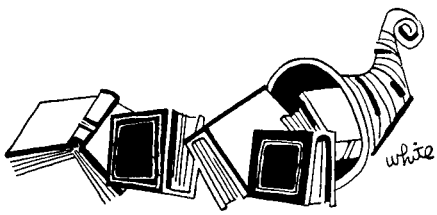
About a year ago Jan Cremer said in an interview: "Here in Holland they don't appreciate me. They still don't know who I am. I, Jan Cremer, the stunt man. I am going to America where they'll understand me better." At that time he was already a celebrity. *Ik Jan Cremer* had sold 250,000 copies, and its author had become the first Dutch writer to bring out his own rock 'n' roll record.

Shortly thereafter Cremer moved to New York. It was, one gathers, the fulfillment of a persistent wish to come to the land where things happen, where people can really make it. In this new dream the streets of America are no longer paved with gold but are crowded with sophisticates; and interestingly, our American counterpart is a dream of Europe populated with natural, simple people who are uncorrupted by the refinements of civilization.

Throughout Cremer's "autobiographical novel"—actually a mixture of fact and fantasy—the yearning for America is a by-product of the distaste for Holland. In the quality of this distaste Cremer resembles Osborne's Jimmy Porter and resembles even more Holland's own angry writer Willem Hermans, whose novel *I Am Always Right* throws Holland's insignificance in the face of those foolish enough to take their little country seriously. What gives *I Jan Cremer* a certain charm is that unlike Jimmy Porter, Cremer does not try to dignify his posture, and unlike Hermans' hero he does not feel he is always right. Cremer may be angered by Dutch hypocrisy or sanctimoniousness, but he does not take that anger seriously enough to maintain it.

If Cremer is cooler and less insistent than some of the dissidents of the 1950's, he is also less literary. He values not literature but the "happening," both the event and the publicity. He wants passionately to give Holland the home-grown equivalent of the personalities usually imported there—of the Beatles, in whose Hyde Park apartment Cremer lived one summer; of Jayne Mansfield, to whom (along with Cremer himself) the book is dedicated. Hence the newsmaking and sometimes sordid goings-on associated with the book—the public debate over its "filth," the charge by a convict that Cremer stole the manuscript from him in jail.

THE AMERICAN READER, of course, knows nothing about the man. What of the book? "Action writing," Cremer calls it, which means that the style is careless and flat and the organization clumsy. His hero goes to reform school, jail, several art academies; he goes to sea, joins the military and the Foreign Legion, sleeps with girls: Cremer tells all, but it does not amount to much. Perhaps this is the danger of the confession genre, that the writer needs to do more than make a confession. Cremer does not have the talent of



Henry Miller, who endows each experience with a character of its own. And Cremer's well-advertised irreverence is actually crude, for to affront the bourgeois and the intellectual he merely turns things upside down ("Rembrandt: Who's that? I don't know anything about sports").

Which is not to say that the book is worthless. Whenever Cremer manages to forget himself, he becomes a writer. Two episodes stand out: one a superb little story about a man who has died of sunstroke and lies unnoticed amid the sunbathers on the beach, the other a detailed account of the operation of a slaughterhouse. The comparison of the latter to a concentration camp may be obvious, but it is handled without self-consciousness. These passages are distinguished by Cremer's attention to other people. He himself is not on display as he is elsewhere, not interested in showing off his own toughness or roguery, and his observations are moving and precise:

"I walked in a daze among the falling beasts. It seemed that soon, suddenly, a great silence must fall; but it never came. . . . Why didn't the pigs jump at these people and tear them to pieces? Why didn't the cows form a massive herd and trample their torturers, as they could have done so easily? . . . Every second another life was callously destroyed. Oh, I know, I like my steaks, bacon, chicken, chops and sausages as much as the next man!"

Why a man capable of such compassion should volunteer for the Foreign Legion, at that time fighting in Algeria, is the sort of question the book answers pretty well. He is a drifter; he sustains neither compassion nor anger nor anything else. And who actually does? If Cremer is more of a drifter than most people, that is because he is less cautious; the book seems to endorse the Hermans definition of a hero quoted on the title page as "someone who has not been punished for his recklessness." Like the book, the quotation seems both true and inadequate, both valuable and distressingly vacuous.

TO MY KNOWLEDGE, Dutch critics have not speculated about the reasons for the book's great success in Holland. Perhaps the answer is that the Dutch are less inured against, and so more excited by, attacks on their society than Americans, whose writers have been on the offensive for many years and have done it well. In addition, the uncensored Cremer vocabulary is a fairly new thing in Dutch writing, and each country appears to want its own "shocking" writer.

In this country the book is not likely to do well. We have been exposed to, and have assimilated, books even bolder. We do not need to be shocked or to lose our respectability; we are too sophisticated in these matters. The dream of a hip America turns out to be partially true: the irony is that what drew Cremer here is what keeps him from being noticed.

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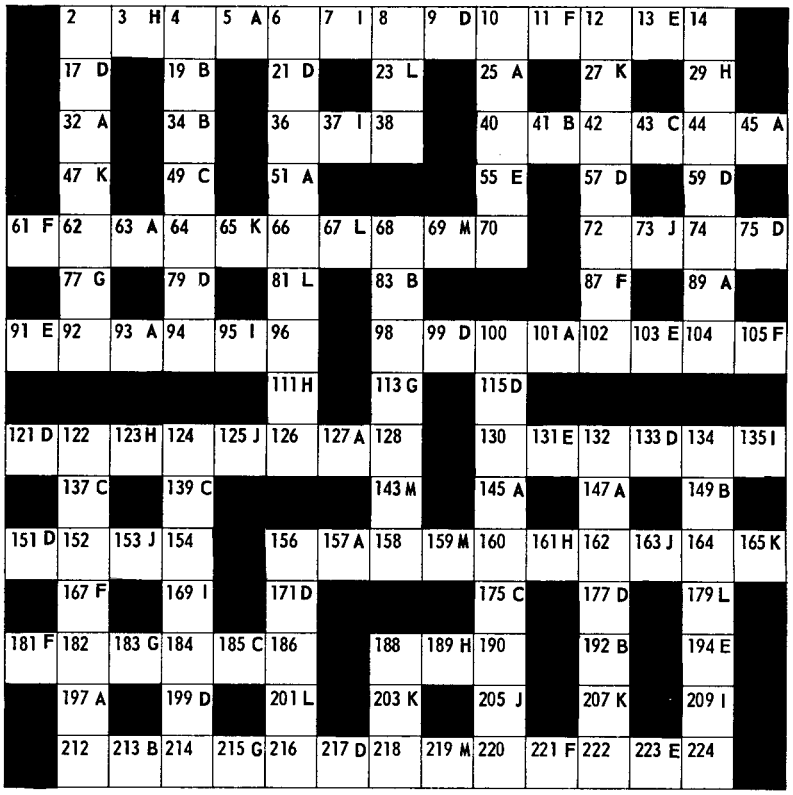
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No.144

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym, the other a pun, anagram, or play on words
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person the Acrostician.



A
5 93 127 45 32 25 197 51 147 63
89 157 145 101 Affection not returned (10, 4).

B
83 213 192 41 149 19 34 Commission (slang) (4-3).

C
139 43 137 175 49 185 "This books can do... They_____ the grieved, the stubborn they chastise." Crabbe, "The Library."

D
171 79 217 17 121 57 9 99 133 75
115 151 21 177 199 59 Unlimited vow (12,4).

E
91 13 55 223 131 194 103 Trojan priest who warned against the Trojan Horse.

F
221 181 11 105 87 61 167 Career of the Acrostician.

G
183 77 113 215 Landed.

H
161 123 189 111 3 29 Name of U.S. Navy oiler sunk in Battle of the Coral Sea, May, 1942.

I
7 135 37 209 169 95 A widely cultivated plant, native to Mexico and Central America.

J
73 163 205 125 153 Lariat.

K
207 47 165 203 65 27 "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, And our good Prince _____." Southey, "The Battle of Blenheim.

L
179 67 201 23 81 Hindu god (alt. sp.).

M
159 143 69 219 "O friend, never strike _____to a fear." Emerson, "Heroism."

ACROSS

2. Bag carrier, obligation first, broken traps last (8,5).
36. Vehicle for the Acrostician.
40. I mean noted a point.
61. Conveyance to hair dancers (5,5).
72. A black age, this, in France.
91. Contemporary conveyance of 61 across for Laud an' anyone.
98. Innkeeper puts Jules in tar.
121. Garments one swears at.
130. A lair for a small company will do for a covering.
151. Tug the B.A. in short.
156. Agreeing with tens upset in a broken wedge.
181. A rubber June bug.
188. The acme of potato pancakes.
212. Ministers' celebration or shepherds' hay? (8,5).

DOWN

2. Subsequent disease, else, qua illness.
4. Not near foot, but casual.
6. Hopeless fight or misland origin? (4,5).
8. First lady in evening dress.
10. Sweat of the sud or other soap.
12. Man with fixed income, entire or not.
14. Break in the road for cooks, perhaps.
68. The craftsman must train as one.
100. Cloth buffer for the veldt? Pave it (6,3).
122. Does his eminence get sick if he goes on his last part?
124. How things are bestowed in laughing-gas fits (2,5).
132. Captured again in what the second picture was.
134. Sympathize with the bottom of the shoe last.
156. Shakespearean clown brings home a souvenir.
188. Beverage of the elite, always.

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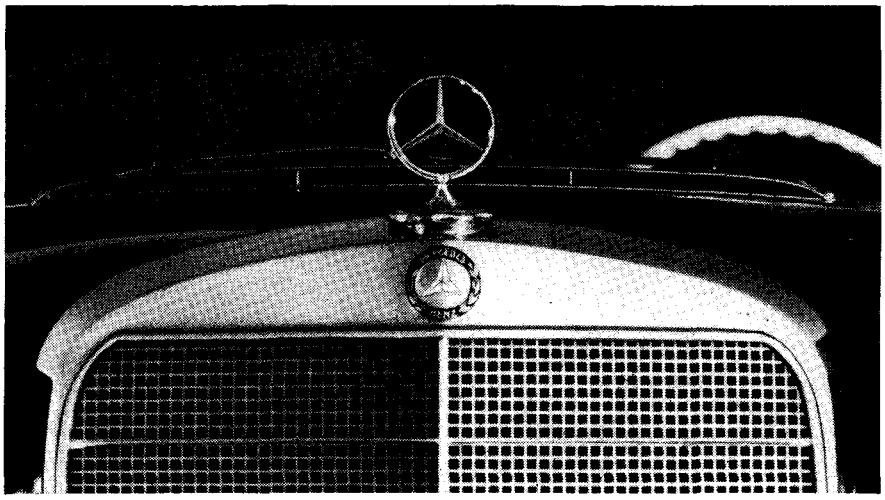

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MERCEDES-BENZ

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This April is more than pretty Easter eggs.

Easter and Passover with their promises of rebirth and freedom will be celebrated on television this month. But in a divided world, television also looks at current crises: the spread of nuclear weapons, Red China, and the war in Vietnam.

And April means Spring, too. The Oscars. Income Tax. Baseball and Brubeck.

Even pretty Easter eggs. That's what's so fascinating about television.

Special Programs for the Holy Days

Change My Name to Life
America's help to Jewish refugees and the rebirth of Israel.
Sunday, April 3 (10-11 AM)

Home for Passover
From a Sholem Aleichem story.
Sunday, April 3 (12:30-1 PM)

The Horse and His Rider
Passover drama by Joseph Mindel.
Sunday, April 3 (1-1:30 PM)

The Thunder of Conscience
Peace symposium with international churchmen.
Sunday, April 10 (10-11 AM)

The Easter Angel
A contemporary drama.
Sunday, April 10 (1-1:30 PM)

Music of the Resurrection
From the Holy Family Church.
Sunday, April 10 (2-3 PM)

Other Programs of Special Interest

Vietnam: The Home Front
The public's attitudes toward controversial issues raised by the war.
Friday, April 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The Twentieth Century
Integration: Military Style; Jackpot in Libya; The American Draftee; Warsaw Uprising.
Sundays, April 3, 10, 17, 24 (6-6:30 PM)

The Congo: Victim of Independence
The path to nationhood, threatened by crises and power struggles.
Sunday, April 3 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Mary Martin at Eastertime
With the Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, Ballet and Chorus.
Sunday, April 3 (7:30-8:30 PM)

The National Income Tax Test
A quiz on the Federal Internal Revenue Service's annual "event."
Tuesday, April 5 (10-11 PM)

Revolution of the 3 R's
Examines the latest innovations in educational approaches.
Thursday, April 7 (10-11 PM)

A Visit to Washington With Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson
The First Lady serves as guide to national monuments and shrines.
Sunday, April 10 (4-5 PM)

Masters Golf Tournament
From Augusta, Georgia.
Saturday, April 9 (5-6 PM)
Sunday, April 10 (4-5:30 PM)

Sounds of Alienation
The words of Kierkegaard to background of 20th Century jazz.
Sunday, April 17 (10:30-11 AM)

Countdown to Zero
A White Paper on the proliferation of nuclear weapons.
Sunday, April 17 (6:30-7:30 PM)

Oscar Awards
Annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences presentation.
Monday, April 18 (10 PM to conclusion)

Testing: Right, Left or Center
Viewers at home define and evaluate their political leanings.
Wednesday, April 20 (10-11 PM)

The Poppy is Also a Flower
Princess Grace, Rita Hayworth, Yul Brynner in play on UN narcotics work.
Friday, April 22 (7:30-9 PM)

The Surprising Middle West
A regional portrait with Dave Brubeck, Vince Lombardi, Tyrone Guthrie.
Monday, April 25 (9-10 PM)

Lamp at Midnight
Jason Robards, Jr. stars in drama based on Galileo's life.
Wednesday, April 27 (7:30-9 PM)

Red China: Year of the Gun?
China's relationship with the West.
Wednesday, April 27 (10-11 PM)

The World of Jacques Yves Cousteau
Shows men living under water for a month, exploring the Red Sea's depths.
Thursday, April 28 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday:
Today/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS Reports

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The First Look/Exploring/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions '66/Issues and Answers/Frontiers of Faith/Sports Spectacular/American Sportsman/Sports in Action/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/Vietnam Report/The Twentieth Century/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: Times (NYT), programs, titles and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

Television Information Office
666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019

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